SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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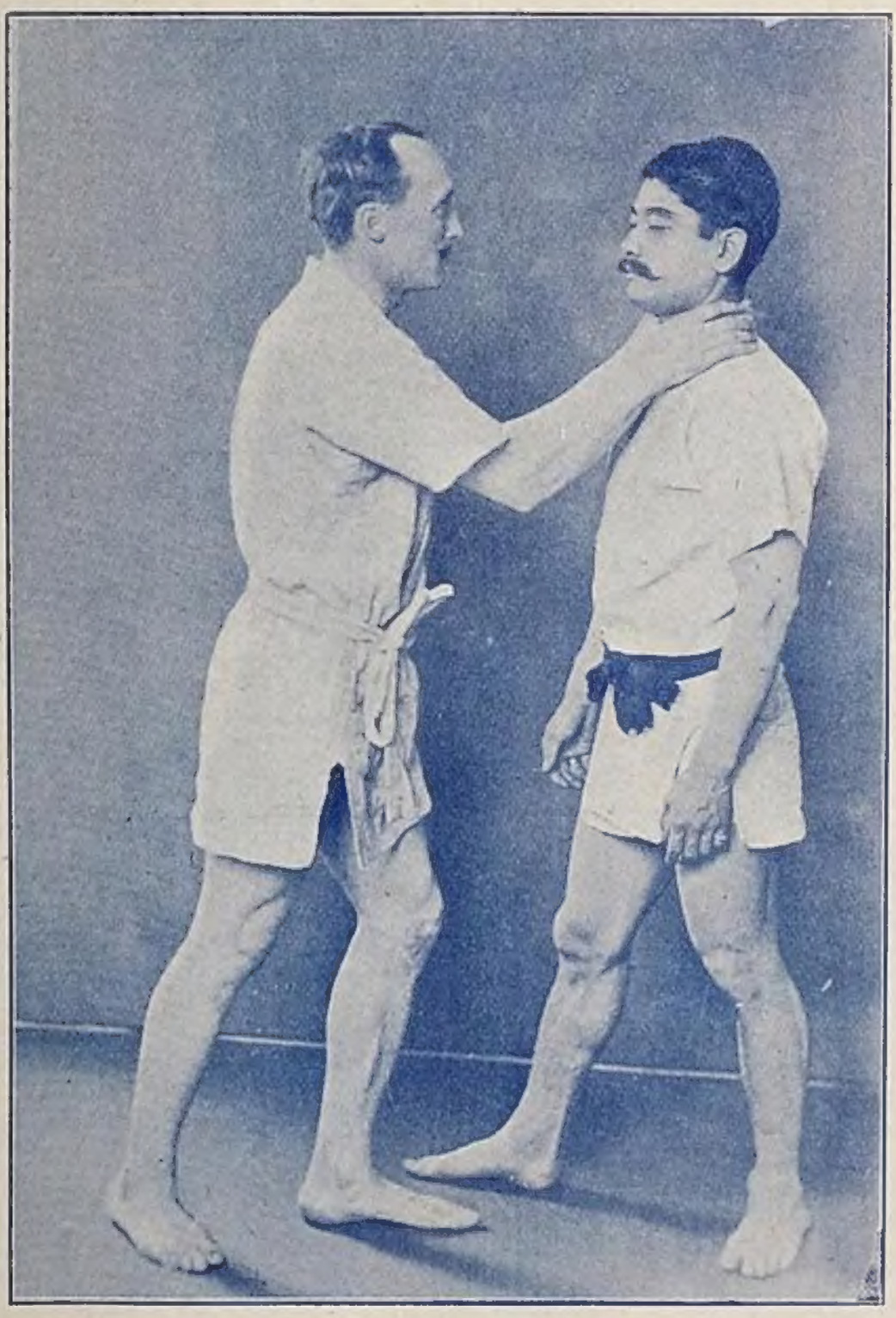

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The Author, Mr. G. Bojus, was formerly superintendent of physical culture in the Elizabeth (N.J.) public schools. Instructor at Columbia University (New York), instructor for four years at the Columbia summer school, and is now proprietor of the Park Place Gymnasium, at 14, Park Place, New York City. The book contains 200 photographs of all the various exercises, with the instructions in large, readable type. It should be in the hands of every teacher and pupil of physical culture, and is invaluable for home exercise as well.

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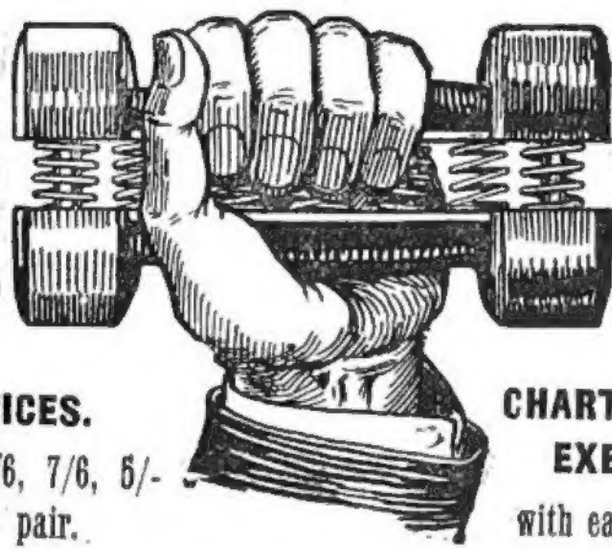

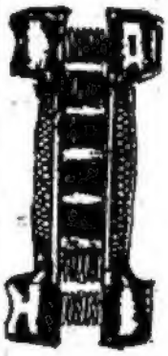

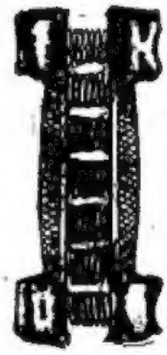

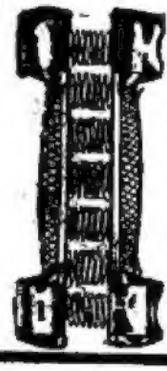

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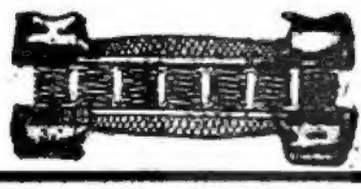

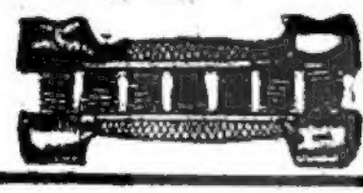

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No. 16.

OCTOBER 18, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

... OF ...

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

EDITOR: EUGEN SANDOW.
Assistant Editor: FRANK PINK.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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ADDRESS.—132, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.
Telephone: 3436 Central.
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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will at all times be glad to consider Articles, Stories, and Sketches, but in order to avoid waste of time, contributors would do well to submit suggestions for his approval before sending in their work. In no case can the Editor be responsible for the safety of unsolicited sketches and literary matter, but where stamps are enclosed he will do his best to secure their return if unsuitable.

NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

No feature of the spread of the physical culture movement is more pleasing than the whole-hearted manner in which the most distinguished modern physicians have accorded it their support. When I first preached the gospel of physical education in this country I was as one crying in the wilderness. Many people confounded physical training merely with the development of enormous biceps and triceps. The medical profession stood somewhat aloof. To-day we have changed all that. It is extremely gratifying to me to see among the most enthusiastic advocates of judicious physical training men whose names are household words in medical circles the world over. The weight of their names to the cause of physical culture cannot be over-estimated

---

I CAN quite realise the disinclination of parents and schoolmasters to accept the mere *ipse dixit* of a lay writer on a subject about which there has been so much ignorance, and upon which the most arrant nonsense has been written. The bogey of over-straining and heart disease has been raised so frequently that many people have been somewhat nervous of taking up any sort of exercise, much to their personal disadvantage. But no teacher of physical culture with the tiniest atom of common sense is likely to permit a pupil to attempt feats that may lead to the unpleasant experience of a coroner's inquest, and fear in this direction, I am glad to say, has been considerably allayed. Men with such reputations as Sir Lauder Brunton, Sir James Crichton Browne, Sir Frederick Treves, Dr. Schofield, Dr. Saleeby, and many others, value their names and reputations too highly to identify either with a movement that is not wholly commendable.

THE changed attitude of the whole medical profession towards physical training is not the result of fashion or faddism,

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but of practical and often personal experience. Among my numerous pupils in various parts of the country I am glad to be able to say I have included hundreds of medical men, many of whom are among the foremost leaders in modern medical science. If I were at liberty to publish only a few of the names of distinguished medical men who have gone through a course of physical training at one or other of my schools, the result would come as a great surprise to many people. But that, of course, professional etiquette strictly forbids.

I hope to see the time when physical education shall, indeed, be considered a part of medical knowledge, and an item in a curriculum of every medical student. There are, it is now universally admitted, many ailments that can be cured by the employment of certain easy bodily movements, and it is all important that the medical man of the future should be as well versed in curative gymnastics as he is in therapeutics and anatomy. In the new age, perhaps, we will, instead of being handed a mysterious prescription or a dose of medicine, receive from the physician a chart prescribing a certain number of bodily movements to be performed daily. The sooner, I say, the better.

The physical culture season is now in full swing, and reports from almost every large city in the United Kingdom are most encouraging. New clubs, societies, and classes are springing up everywhere, and the old clubs are going just as strong as ever. Numerous football and harrier clubs, acting on the advice I gave in a recent issue, have decided to devote at least one night each week to the dumb-bells and the developer. I hope to make a special feature during the winter of reporting the doings of the various physical culture organisations throughout the country, and I shall, therefore, be glad to receive items of news and photographs from the various secretaries.

By the way, an interesting innovation has, I see, been adopted in Blackburn, where a number of young men have formed a Physical Culture and Literary Society. This is a unique but admirable combination, in which mind and muscle are both to reap the benefit. The motto of the Blackburn men should be *Mens Sana in Corpore Sano.* Perhaps after reading this a number of other societies will follow Blackburn's excellent example.

Once again let me appeal to every reader of the magazine to lend his hearty co-operation in spreading the light of physical culture. You can help the cause by giving a copy of the magazine to a friend, by bringing it to the notice of your local agent, or by merely mentioning it whenever you are in company. As the Scotch proverb says: "Every mickle makes a muckle," and each individual effort, however humble, will be most gratefully appreciated by

---

HOW TO WALK CORRECTLY.

An expert who has given considerable study to the subject, offers the following practical suggestions concerning a correct gait:—

"The heel of the forward foot should strike the ground first and the leg be straight when the weight falls upon it. The weight should lie forward on the balls of the feet, with the body slightly inclined, the chest erect and leading, and the head gracefully poised.

"The trunk should aid in its own progression, instead of being 'toed' along as dead weight by the long-suffering legs. The arms should swing easily, and the trunk move without any swaying or rocking motion. The legs should operate from the hip and not the knee, and the toes should not pierce the air as if skyward bent. Whether they turn in or out will depend a great deal on the rapidity of the gait.

"Tall people should remember that short steps are more graceful than long reaches, and that their shoe heels will thus wear more evenly."

CRUSADE AGAINST DISEASE.

The Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine is sending an expedition to Uganda to investigate the terrible ravages which have been made in the country recently by sleeping sickness. Hundreds of natives, it is stated, have been attacked. Another expedition will be sent to West Africa to attempt the discovery of the cause of black water fever, which is very prevalent just now.

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NEVER TOO LATE TO EXERCISE.

By G. Elliot Flint.

PROF. ALLBUT, of Cambridge, has quietly made a sensation by remarking that a man should not play golf before he is thirty-five. This implies that the more violent sports may be indulged in up to but not after that age. Now a table has been compiled indicating the various ages at which favourite sports should be abandoned. According to it, we may row until we are sixty; play football up to thirty; hockey must be abandoned at thirty-five; cricket at forty, and lawn tennis by women at forty-five and by men at sixty.

Let us consider facts. A man at thirty-five is as young as a horse is at ten, or as a dog is at six, or as an elephant is at fifty. But keep a ten-year-old horse pent in a stable, restrain a six-year-old dog from running or chain a middle-aged elephant, and notice how little such treatment will benefit their health. It is common experience that the three animals at the ages above specified can do harder work and have more endurance than at any previous or subsequent ages. Who would demand from a three-year-old horse the amount of work he would expect from one ten years old?

Most men do not attain their full strength until they are forty; whence it would seem that they should ease up when about sixty-five. And after that age they should work, though not quite so strenuously. A man does not really begin to live until he is thirty or thirty-five. It is then that he should have the most physical stamina; it is then that his thirst for knowledge is greatest; when his matured intellect can grasp intricacies which it could not have grasped at an earlier stage. Then judgment and experience amount to something and wondering and trifling yield place to work. Few men have made their mark until after maturity.

We have many remarkable instances of strength and endurance in old men. We have the case of the pedestrian, Weston, who recently walked ninety-six miles in less time than he had made the same distance forty-three years ago. This feat he could certainly not have accomplished had he quit taking long, fast walks when thirty-five. F. J. Farnivall, now eighty-five, still sculls on the Thames for exercise. When one hundred Henry Jenkins swam the Yorkshire Swale with ease.

It is preposterous to assumet hat Nature has intended any animal, when in its prime, to abjure hard work. Can it be denied that an old wolf is stronger and more enduring than a young wolf? Then why should not a man be more capable physically at thirty-five, which is not old, than he is at twenty-five? We know that the brain is subjected to more severe and constant use than is any other organ, yet the brain lasts longest. If we accept the conclusion that no man should do hard physical work after he is thirty-five, then we should urge that after that age he make no severe mental effort.

Such a doctrine is subversive to progress. The body one day, despite all our efforts, becomes incapable; let us not, therefore, hasten our uncoming helplessness by refusing to do while we are yet able. Structures can go on performing their functions only so long as the functions are regularly demanded of them. Let the demand diminish, and first the function and then the structure will diminish. If one remains in bed for but one month his power of locomotion is nearly lost, and the structures necessary for locomotion, the legs, greatly diminish. It is only when the function is again demanded by his making repeated efforts to walk that the function redevelops the structure sufficiently to enable him once more to do so.

In my belief no exercise or sport should be given up at any particular time of life; but the exercise in its intensity and amount should be diminished as one's feelings prompt. Thus, an old man may row, though not so hard as a younger man. He may play baseball or cricket or lawn tennis until he tires. He may swim easily, walk, ride a bicycle or run slowly. But that he must eschew all active games simply because he is past thirty-five is blatant nonsense.

ORIENTAL PHYSICAL CULTURE.

DO you know all about Hatha Yoga? Can you do the Asana? Are you up on the ways of vanishing Tamas?

If not, fetch your book and begin at once, for we are sitting at the feet of "Yogi," studying Yoga philosophy, physical culture and rules of health and beauty. Regardless of pronunciation, we tackle the hardest Hindoo novels and do extraordinary exercises in quaint Oriental costumes. For it is from the Yogis that we are about to learn the secrets of perpetual youth.

A Yogi, as you may know, is a wise man from the East, a Hindoo philosopher or sage. Yoga is his philosophy, Hatha Yoga is his science of health, part of which comprises the Asana or Eastern system of physical culture.

Yogi Ramacharaka, whose "Science of Breath" helped many to a better knowledge of the laws of breathing, has published a book on "Hatha Yoga; or, the Yogi Philosophy of Well Being," from which, through the courtesy of the Yogi Publication Society, I am going to quote for the benefit of those who have asked for more Yogi lore on the all-important subjects of health and beauty.

"The great difference between our health culture systems and the Hatha Yoga is the point that we are inclined to consider the body as a burdensome and unintelligent lump of flesh ruled by the brain situated at a safe distance in the head.

MIND'S COMPLETE CONTROL.

"The Yogi, on the contrary, teaches and is conscious that his physical body is built up of cells, each cell containing within it a miniature 'life' which controls its action. These 'lives' are really bits of intelligent mind of a certain degree of development which enables the cells to do their work properly. These bits of intelligence are, of course, subordinate to the control of the central mind of man, and readily obey orders from headquarters consciously or unconsciously.

"The cells of the body have three principals: (1) Matter which they obtain from food; (2) Prana, or vital force, which enables them to manifest action, and which is obtained from the food we eat, the water we drink, and the air we breathe; (3) Intelligence, or 'mind stuff,' which is obtained from the universal mind.

"The cell mind cannot work without both the other principals, matter and prana. Once the three are supplied to it and command issued from the mind the cell is capable of restoring order to the system, of giving it strength and health and furthering both physical and spiritual development.

"The trained will is able to act directly upon these cells by a simple process of direct concentration. One of the simplest plans of reaching the seat of trouble and giving a vigorous order to the cells" (when they are in rebellion—sickness) "is the one taught by the Hatha Yogis to their students, to be used by them until they are able to use the concentrated will without aids. The plan is to simply 'talk up' to the rebellious organ or part, giving it orders just as one would a group of schoolboys or a squad of recruits in the army. Give the order positively and firmly, telling the organ just what you wish it to perform, repeating the command sharply several times. A tapping or mild slapping of the part affected will act to attract the attention of the cell group, just as does the tapping of a man on the shoulder cause him to stop, turn round, and listen to what you have to say. Sharply spoken words help you to form the mental image expressed by the words, and this meaning goes right to the spot over the channels of the sympathetic nervous system operated by the instinctive mind, and is readily understood by the cell groups and

even by the individual cells. An additional supply of Prana (vital force or energy) and the increased supply of blood also go to the affected region, being directed there by the concentrated attention of the person sending the command."

In each one of the "Asanas" or physical exercises the Yogi directs his mind to the point in his body which he wishes to be benefited, and the results are much quicker than if double the time were spent in the usual desultory physical culture.

FOR A GOOD CARRIAGE.

This exercise if faithfully practised will cure one of the habits of slouching and shambling along: "1. Stand erect, with heels together, toes slightly pointed outward. 2. Raise the arms up by the sides (with a circular movement), until the hands meet over the head; thumbs touching each other. 3. Keeping knee stiff and body rigid, the elbows unbent, and shoulders well back as the movement is made, bring down the hands slowly with a sideway circular motion, until they reach the sides of the legs, the little finger and the inner edge (the 'chopping-edge') of the hand alone touching the leg, and the palms of the hands facing right to the front. 4. Repeat several times, slowly, remember. With the hands in the last position, having been placed there by motion stated, it is very difficult for the shoulders to warp forward. The chest is projected a little, the head is erect, the neck is straight, the back straight and hollow a little (the natural position) and the knees are straight. In short you have a fine erect carriage—now keep it.

FOR REDUCING FAT.

"This is for those troubled with a too large abdomen, which trouble is caused by too much fat gathering there. The abdomen may be materially reduced by a reasonable indulgence in this exercise, but always remember, 'moderation in all things,' and do not overdo matters or be in too much of a hurry. Here is the exercise: 1. Exhale the breath (breathe out all the air in the lungs without straining yourself too much) and then draw the abdomen in and up as far as you can; then hold for a moment and let it resume its natural position. Repeat a number of times and then take a breath or two and rest a moment. Repeat several times, moving it in and out. It is surprising how much control one may gain over these stubborn muscles with a little practice. This exercise will not only reduce the fatty layers over the abdomen, but will also greatly strengthen the stomach muscles. 2. Give the abdomen a good (but not rough) kneading and rubbing."

One of the main things to be learned from our Oriental teachers is the art of relaxation. The following exercise will do wonders for the beauty seeking women, as it is a resting exercise and cure for fatigue.

"Lie down flat on the back. Relax as thoroughly as you can, letting go all the muscles. Then, still relaxed, let your mind wander over the body from the head down to the toes. In doing this you will find that here and there are certain muscles still in a tense condition. Let go of them. If you do this thoroughly (you will improve by practice) you will end by having every muscle in your body fully relaxed and the nerves at rest. Take a few deep breaths, lying quietly and fully relaxed. You may vary this exercise by gently rolling over to one side and again relaxing completely.

ELIMINATING THE "TAMAS."

The Yogi calls "Tamas" those elements in the body which cause it to be loggy, heavy and congested. The Tamas element in the body induces cold, phlegm, rheumatism, and other diseases. One of the exercises to banish this weary and heavy element is as follows: 1. Sit on the floor, legs straight in front. 2. Bend from the waist and touch the toes with the fingers without bending the knees. At the same time command the liver to greater activity, sending the "Prana" to the intestinal organs. The Yogi is a great believer in water as a purifier and beautifier. "The favourite Yogi bath or wash off," to quote the Hatha Yogi again, "is in cool not cold water." They wash vigorously all over, with the hands or a cloth.

HOMER TRIES A REST CURE.

By Sewell Ford.

Continued from Page 464.

He gave us a diagram of exactly the kind of man he wanted, and from his plans and specifications we figured out that what Homer was looking for was a cross between a galley slave and a he-angel, some one who would know just what he wanted before he did, and be ready to hand it out whenever called for. And he was game to pay the price, whatever it might be.

"You see," says Homer, "whenever I make the least exertion, or undergo the slightest excitement, it aggravates the leak."

I'd seen lots who ducked all kinds of exertion, but mighty few with so slick an excuse. It would have done me good to have said so, but Leonidas didn't look at it that way. He was a sympathiser from headquarters; seemed to like nothin' better'n to hear Homer tell how bad off he was.

"What you need, Fales," says Leonidas, "is the country, the calm, peaceful country. I know a nice, quiet little place, about a hundred miles from here, that would just suit you, and if you say the word I'll ship you off down there early to-morrow morning. I'll give you a letter to an old lady who'll take care of you better than four trained nurses. She has brought half a dozen children through all kinds of sickness, from measles to broken necks, and she's never quite so contented as when she's trotting around waiting on somebody. I stopped there once when I was a little hoarse from a cold, and before she'd let me go to bed she made me drink a bowl of ginger tea, soak my feet in hot mustard water, and bind a salt pork poultice around my neck. If you'd just go down there you'd both be happy. What do you say?"

Homer was doubtful. He'd never lived much in the country and was afraid it wouldn't agree with his leak. But early in the morning he was up wantin' to know more about it. He'd begun to think of that mob of snap hunters that was booked to show up again at ten o'clock, and it made him nervous. Before breakfast was over he was willing to go almost anywhere, only he was dead set that me and Leonidas should trail along, too. So there we were, with Homer on our hands.

Well, we packed a trunk for him, called a cab, and got him loaded on a parlour car. About every so often he'd clap his hands to his side and groan: "Oh, my heart! My poor heart!" It was as touchin' as the heroine's speeches to the top gallery. On the way down Leonidas gave us a bird's-eye view of the kind of Jim Crow settlement we were heading for. It was one of those places where they date things back to the time when Lem Saunders fell down cellar with a lamp and set the house afire.

The town looked it. There was an aggregation of three men, two boys and a yellow dog in sight on Main Street when we landed. We'd wired ahead, so the old lady was ready for us. Leonidas called her "Mother" Bickell. She was short, about as thick through as a sugar barrel, and wore two kinds of hair, the front frizzes bein' a lovely chestnut. But she was a nice-spoken old girl, and when she found out that we'd brought along a genuine invalid with a leak in his blood pump, she almost fell on our necks. In about two shakes she'd hustled Homer into a rocking-chair, wedged him in place with pillows, wrapped a blanket around his feet, and shoved him up to a table where there was a hungry man's layout of clam fritters, canned corn, boiled potatoes and hot mince pie.

There wasn't any use for Homer to register a kick on the bill-of-fare. She was too busy tellin' him how much good the things would do him, and how he must eat a lot or she'd feel bad, to listen to any remarks of his about toasted crackers. For supper there was fried fish, apple sauce and hot biscuit, and Homer had to take his share. He was glad to go to bed early. She didn't object to that.

Mother Bickell's house was right in the middle of the town, with a grocery store on

one side and the post office on the other. Homer had a big front room with three windows on Main Street. There was a strip of plank sidewalk in front of the house, so that you didn't miss any footfalls. Mother Bickell could tell who was goin' by without lookin'.

Leonidas and me put in the evening hearin' her tell about some of the things that had happened to her oldest boy. He'd had a whirl out of most everything but an earthquake. After that we had an account of how she'd buried her two husbands. About ten o'clock we started for bed, droppin' in to take a look at Homer. He was sitting up wide awake and lookin' worried.

"How many people are there in this town?" says he.

"About a thousand," says Leonidas. "Why?"

"Then they have all marched past my windows twice," says Homer.

"Shouldn't wonder," says Leonidas. "They've just been to the post office and back again. They do that four times a day. But you mustn't mind. Just you thank your stars you're down here where it's nice and quiet. Now I'd go to sleep if I was you."

Homer said he would. I was ready to tear off a few yards of repose myself, but somehow I couldn't connect. It was quiet, all right—in spots. Fact is, it was so blamed quiet that you could hear every rooster that crowed within half a mile. If a man on the other side of town shut a window you knew all about it.

I was gettin' there, though, and was almost up to the droppin'-off place, when some folks in a back room on the next street begins to indulge in a family argument. I didn't pay much notice to the preamble, but as they warmed up to it I couldn't help from gettin' the drift. It was all about the time of year that a feller by the name of Hen Dorsett had been run over by the cars up to Jersey City.

"I say it was just before Thanksgivin'," pipes up the old lady. "I know, 'cause I was into the butcher's askin' what turkeys would be likely to fetch, when Doc Brewswater drops in and says: 'Mornin', Eph. Heard about Hen Dorsett?' And then he told about him fallin' under the cars. So it *must* have been just afore Thanksgivin.'"

"Thanksgivin' yer grandmother!" growls the old man. "It was in March, along the second week, I should say, because the day I heard of it was just after school election. March of '83, thats when it was."

"Eighty-three!" squeals the old lady. "Are you losin' your mind altogether? It was '85, the year Jimmy cut his hand so bad at the sawmill."

"Jimmy wasn't workin' at the mill that year," raps back the old man. "He was tongin' oysters that fall, 'cause he didn't hear a word about Hen until the next Friday night, when I told him myself Hen was killed on a Monday."

"It was on a Saturday or I'm a lunatic," snaps the old lady.

Well, they kept on pilin' up evidence, each one makin' the other out to be a fool, or a liar, or both, until the old man says: "See here, Maria, I'm goin' up the street and ask Ase Horner when it was that Hen Dorsett was killed. Ase knows, for he was the one Mrs. Dorsett got to go up after Hen."

"Yes, and he'll tell you it was just before Thanksgivin' of '85, so what's the use?" says the old lady.

"We'll see what he says," growls the old man, and I heard him strike a light and get into his shoes.

"Who're you bettin' on?" says Leonidas.

"Gee!" says I. "Are you awake, too? I thought you was asleep an hour ago."

"I was," says he, "but when this Hen Dorsett debate breaks loose I came back to earth. I'll gamble that the old woman's right."

"The old man's mighty positive," says I. "Wonder how long it 'll be before we get the returns?"

"Perhaps half an hour," says Leonidas. "He'll have to thrash it all out with Ase before he starts back. We might as well sit up and wait. Anyway I want to see which gets the best of it."

"Let's have a smoke, then," says I.

"Why not go along with the old man?" says Leonidas. "If he finds he's wrong he may come back and lie about it."

Well, it *was* a fool thing to do, when you think about it, but somehow Leonidas had a way of lookin' at things that was different from other folks. He didn't know

any more about that there Hen Dorsett than I did but he seemed just as keen as if it was all in the family. We had hustled our clothes on and was sneakin' down the front stairs as easy as we could when we hears from Homer.

"I heard you dressing," says he, "so I got up, too. I haven't been asleep yet."

"Then come along with us," says Leonidas. "It'll do you good. We're only going up the street to find out when it was that the cars struck Hen Dorsett."

Homer didn't savvy, but he didn't care. Mainly he wanted comp'ny. He whispered to us to go easy, suspectin' that if we woke up Mother Bickell she'd want to feed him some more clam fritters. By the time we'd unlocked the front door, though, she was after us, but all she wanted was to make Homer wrap a shawl around his head to keep out the night air.

"And don't you dare take it off until you get back," says she. Homer was glad to get away so easy and said he wouldn't. But he was a sight, lookin' like a Turk with a sore throat.

The old man had routed Ase Horner out by the time we got there, and they was havin' it hot and heavy. Ase said it wasn't either November nor March when he went up after Hen Dorsett, but the middle of October. He knew because he'd just begun shinglin' his kitchen and the line storm came along before he got it finished. More'n that, it was in '84, for that was the year he ran for sheriff.

"See here, gentlemen," says Leonidas, "isn't it possible to find some official record of this sad tragedy? You'll excuse us, being strangers, for takin' a hand, but there don't seem to be much show of our getting any sleep until this thing is settled. Besides, I'd like to know myself. Now let's go to the records."

"I'm ready," says Ase. "If this thick headed old idiot here don't think I can remember back a few years, why, I'm willing to stay up all night to show him. Let's go to the County Clerks and make him open up."

So we started, all five of us, just as the town clock struck twelve. We hadn't gone more'n a block, though, before we met a whiskered old relic stumpin' along with a stick in his hand. He was the police force, it seems. Course, *he* wanted to know what was up, and when he found out, he was ready to make affidavit that Hen had been killed some time in August of '81.

"Wa'n't I one of the pall bearers?" says he. "And hadn't I just drawn my back pension and paid off the mortgage on my place, eh? No use routin' out the Clerk to ask such a fool question; and anyways, he ain't to home, come to think of it."

"If you'll permit me to suggest," says Leonidas, "there ought to be all the evidence needed right in the cemetery."

"Of course there is!" says Ase Horner. "Why didn't we think of that first off? I'll get a lantern and we'll go up and read the date on the headstun."

There was six of us lined up for the cemetery, the three natives jawin' away as to who was right and who wasn't. Every little ways some one would hear the racket, throw up a window, and chip in. Most of 'em asked us to wait until they could dress and join the procession. Before we'd gone half a mile it looked like a torchlight parade. The bigger the crowd got, the faster the recruits fell in. Folks didn't stop to ask any questions. They just jumped into their clothes, grabbed lanterns and piked after us. There was men and women and children, not to mention a good many dogs. Every one was jabberin' away, some askin' what it was all about and the rest tryin' to explain. There must have been a good many wild guesses, for I heard one old feller in the rear rank squallin' out: "Remember, neighbours, nothin' rash, now; nothin' rash!"

I couldn't figure out just what they meant by that at the time; but then, the whole business didn't seem any too sensible, so I didn't bother. On the way up I'd sort of fell in with the constable. He couldn't get any one else to listen to him, and as he had a lot of unused conversation on hand I let him spiel it off at me. Leonidas and Homer were ahead with Ase Horner and the old duffer that started the row, and the debate was still goin' on.

(To be continued.)

ARTICLETTES.

ADVANCE NEW ZEALAND.

The Wanganui (N.Z.) Board of Education decided at their last meeting to supply the whole of their schools, nearly 200, with charts of Sandow exercises. This means that about 10,000 school children are going to be taught the Sandow system of physical culture.

SCHOOLBOYS' IDEAL HOLIDAY.

Novelty is what is required in the present go-ahead age, and the pupils at Trent College, near Nottingham and Derby, certainly appear to have hit upon a novel method for enjoying a holiday. Last year they arranged a walking tour from Trent College to Land's End, but during their vacation this year they have spent a month in going to and from John o' Groats, a distance of about 650 miles.

They procured a light cart, into which they packed a tent, baggage, blankets, stores, food, kettles, etc., the whole weighing well over half a ton. Then they secured some stout ropes, and with eight or ten of the party they found it easy to negotiate the steepest hill on their long journey. The college chaplain was the leader of the party, which also comprised the head master of the school, and about a dozen pupils. All went well until they neared the Lake District, when it became apparent that a new wheel for the vehicle was necessary. This they obtained, and while the work was being executed a visit was paid to Keswick, the famous Honister Pass was crossed, and Buttermere explored.

The weather was delightfully fine for nearly the whole journey, but one wet week-end was passed when near the Beattock Summit. The discomfort of the party was here considerably relieved through the kindness and generosity of a shepherd, who not only provided them with peat for their fires, but also gave them milk, oatmeal, and other food, for which he would accept no payment. When the holiday makers were in Caithness-shire, they met the Duke of Portland and his shooting party on the moors. His Grace had the cart loaded up with freshly killed grouse before he allowed them to proceed on their way, much to the travellers' delight.

Altogether they were away from Trent College thirty days. Exactly twenty-four days were spent in walking, an average of twenty-seven miles per day being covered. Four Sundays were devoted to rest, etc., and two days were devoted to repairs and wet weather hindrances.

Two bicycles proved of inestimable service, and messengers were despatched on them to the various post offices for letters, and to make arrangements for fresh stores and food to be ready at certain spots. Scouts were also sent out to find suitable places to camp for the night, and they lighted fires and had water boiling in readiness for the party's arrival. When any of the pupils became footsore, the bicycle proved very acceptable to them.

THE HOT SAND BAG.

Many people appreciate the value of a hot water bag to relieve pain or improve the circulation. It is said that a hot sand bag is still better for this purpose. A physician gives the following directions :—

"Get some clean, fine sand, and dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove ; make a bag about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven or on the top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle or a brick. The sand holds the heat for a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid."

ABERDONIANS IN THE VAN.

In view of the increased attention that is now being given to physical culture by the education authorities and the general public, the curriculum of the Aberdeen Physical Training College is to be largely extended. The college was founded in 1889, and it is the senior institution of the kind in Scotland. The fact is worth mention, as the Carnegie Trustees at Dunfermline have put forward a claim that their physical training college was the first to be started in Scotland. This is a mistake, and without disparagement to Mr. Carnegie's endowed establishment, it may be described as much the junior of the Aberdeen College, which under its principal, Colonel Cruden, has been the pioneer of the movement in Scotland, and has done an immense amount of valuable work in training teachers for physical instruction. The short holiday courses for teachers have been a feature of the college. Some years ago a branch of the college was started in Glasgow, and there, as in Aberdeen, the classes conducted by the college have been utilised by the Training Colleges of the Churches for their students. The staff of the college has now been enlarged. Mr. Cruden is principal and Dr. Anne Mercer Watson has been appointed lecturer on anatomy, physiology, and hygiene ; while Mrs. M. S. Dallas, Aberdeen Royal Infirmary, will lecture on medical gymnastics and curvature movements. Miss Helen I. Cruickshank is superintendent of the women students, and Mr. Henry C. Matthews is superintendent of the men students. There is a large staff of assistant teachers. The period of training consists of a two years' course, divided into three terms of twelve weeks commencing in October, January, and April. The Council have in view to establish a college residence for students, situated in the outskirts of Aberdeen.

SOME FORGOTTEN HEALTH RULES.

By Felix L. Oswald, M.D.

THE "Legends of Arthur" relate the mistake of the hunter who discovered the tomb of Merlin and appropriated the shoes and mantle of the old wizard, but flung away his charms as so many useless toys.

A similar hard luck seems to have guided the foragers in the catacombs of pagan civilisation. We have adopted the musty old Roman law-code and torture our children with the study of a monstrously intricate grammar, while health rules that might out-charm our best nostrums have been discarded as heathen vanities. "Whatever is pleasant is wrong" was the motto of the Puritans, who marched from village to village, cutting down Maypoles, and on some principle of that sort our educators denounce the ancient love of sweetmeats. Queen Christina of Sweden once set her pedants to compiling a list of classic bills of fare, and after inspecting the catalogue remarked with a smile that "Those old sinners were evidently trying to sweeten the bitterness of their doom." Sugar only in the form of crystallised grape juice, but no end of honey, figs, dates, raisins, and a "condiment made from reeds"—probably some kind of cane syrup.

Candy was unknown and unnecessary. Our youngsters' worship of glucose compounds has been quoted as a proof of natural depravity, but is really only an attempt to satisfy an eternal hunger gnawing their bowels and retrieve a grievous deficiency of their daily diet in some other way.

Faute de mieux, they will chew nauseous licorice or masticate clover blossoms for the sake of a bumble-bee ration of nectar.

Candles, it is true, are adulterated with shameful make-weights and chemical flavours, not to mention aniline dyes and cinnabar—abominations that might all be avoided by patronising the Orientals who are doing their best to furnish us with dates at five cents. a pound. Three cents. is the average market price in Algiers.

And even the poorest should remember that a pound of dates contains more nourishment than two pounds of butter shop refuse. Children would gladly accept the compromise. King David's ally sent off a messenger with a peg of bread and dried figs, and they probably carried him farther than a modern scout's rations of bread and bull beef.

Raisins, too, will help bridge the winter season, but as soon as ripe berries come in they should go on the list of dietetic staples, as later on melons, peaches and grapes.

What! All that sacrifice to the penchant for sweets? Well, the alternative is glucose candy. The craving exists and cannot be fought down like such artificial appetizers as the alcohol passion.

The wisdom of the ancients recognised that centuries ago, and Mohammed did not bait his trap of paradise with rum, but with milk and honey.

More regular fruit rations and less irregular verbs would help to regain the lost Eden of many a grammar school boy.

And how did we come to forfeit the aquatic Midway Pleasance of a warm summer day? As soon as the midsummer sun approached the meridian Roman citizens made a rush for the free baths, or rather vast free swimming halls, that were maintained at municipal expense.

And not in Italy only, but in Spain and Romanised Gaul, where free baths were crowded to the limit, and often beyond, to judge from the enterprise of the Moorish princes who made Cordova a city of free bathing halls.

Their subjects, too, became semi-aquatic in warm weather. It was something more than a sense of cleanliness; it was the hygienic luxury of refrigeration.

That instinct revives in childhood; though in after life repression is apt to deaden it—so much so, indeed, that the agents of a New York charity bath fund found it difficult to drum up patrons in the

Ghetto districts. Blue law victims had got used to their load of sweltering dry-goods, as a prisoner at last gets used to his chains.

The antiquarian Winkelmann often wondered how modern builders came to lose their appreciation of the beautiful architectural effects of a terrace, rising inverted V shape from a garden and crowned by ever so modest a villa; but a Philadelphia building contractor could have solved that enigma. "They want houses without pedestals," said he; "buildings rising like a stick from a flat; the least difference in height of sidewalks and entry door will ruin a dry goods shop. Some of them," he added, "are so afraid of an upgrade that I believe if they had to do a little climbing on their way to Heaven they would prefer the other place."

Time, to be sure, is money, but in the battle against slum microbes, noise and intrusion nuisances it is far easier to hold the fort on the hilltop; and doctors' bills, too, are often money of considerable denominations.

One of the Hebrew monarchs routed out hilltop worship with fire and sword, but in the blessed absence of that potentate we might found clubs for the revival of the sensible cultus. The hilltop cure is an approach to the benefits of the highland cure, and highlands have preserved races who would vainly have invoked the protection of bombproof walls. Basques of prehistoric origin have survived in the Pyrenees, Cagots in the French Alps, Cherokee Indians in the summit regions of the Blue Ridge, Cabyles on Mount Atlas, and a strange pre-Grecian and pre-Semitic race in the uplands of the Taurus Range, where forests, too, have miraculously held their own, while the foot hills far and near are as bald as the skulls of Mormon elders.

LOVERS OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.

A Typical North American Indian Encampment.

Air-baths, in the ancient sense of the word, should likewise be revived by acclamation. The No-Hat Club of East Boston made a good beginning, and the conviction of experienced benefits caught on so quick that bareheaded youngsters, in gangs of ten or twelve, can now be met in every public park of that neighbourhood.

Currents of air, bathing head, neck and the insteps of sandaled feet will do more than quinine to prevent summer fevers and sunstrokes. Sunstrokes, so miscalled, result from atmospheric heat or stove

heat, added to the effects of a blood-heating dinner, and are so totally unconnected with their supposed cause that hatless nations knew them only from hearsay. They were unknown to the Aborigines of our continent and had no terrors for such men as the Emperor Hadrian, who travelled bareheaded and barearmed through the eighteen provinces of his world-empire and complained only once, when the storms of the Syrian desert filled his eyes with sand dust.

All-over air-baths can no longer be enjoyed in outdoor gymnasiums, but the visitors of Ruegen, in the West Baltic, compromise the law and order difficulty in a manner of their own. The coasts of the island are flanked with dunes, rising in countless hillocks, and by wading further through the deep sand than promenading idlers are apt to follow a salvation seeker can find a bear-pit sized glen all to himself and revel in sunshine like a Florida alligator.

DANGER IN RAW FRUITS.

Professor Metchnikof, the famous bacteriologist, makes the annoying announcement especially at this time of the year, that raw fruit should never be eaten. He condemns it beyond remission. Asked whether grape pips may not give appendicitis, he thought that they might, but considered that a detail. The essential point is that microbes swarm on all fruit of whatsoever kind. We harbour quite enough bacteria as it is, therefore raw fruit should be absolutely forbidden. The professor has long since prohibited it in his own home. On the other hand, he recommends stewed fruit warmly, as it is palatable, wholesome, and sterilised by boiling.

The taste for indoor amusements becomes more pronounced as the evenings lengthen, and young people and old clamour for games wherewith to while away the hours. The well established favourites still hold good with most of us, and chess, draughts, and dominoes are rarely out of favour. Yet this is a generation which demands novelty, and those who seek for it are wise if they write for a catalogue to Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, E.C., whose list contains particulars of numerous indoor amusements of an entirely new kind, while the old favourites are also given due prominence.

Messrs. Gamage's catalogue will be sent post free to anybody applying for it.

The catalogue also gives the fullest information upon all physical culture requisites and should therefore be a very useful acquisition for Sandow's Magazine readers.

The Athletic Girl.

Better off than the Frou-Frou or the Blue Stocking.

It is certainly not a matter of regret that nowadays a perfect knowledge of the fine art of doing nothing, and doing it prettily and coquettishly, is becoming somewhat moribund. We enjoy, for instance, the open country air for the chance it gives for healthful sports and games, and not as a vehicle for appearing as pseudo milkmaids, or be-rouged and be-winged Chloes with simpering smiles and ribbon-decked gilt crooks. Yet, says the pessimist, women can be divided into three classes—the Frou-Frou, the Blue, and the Athletic. One sees the first, says a fair Parisienne, redolent of toilette, crawling through her croquet soothed by the soft breezes of Trouville or Etretat, or as a blonde bourgeoise loitering over two feet of slack tennis net in the Bois de Coimbre. It is this type of female who caters most successfully for the superior masculine smile of mild supercilious contempt. Well bears she comparison with that literary creature who, on being asked as to what was his preference in open air games, languidly replied, "A game of dominoes outside a café." On the other hand, the girl athlete has been somewhat severely handled. Not too altogether in the most sensible and scientific manner. What in reality is merely an everyday common sense question has been treated either sentimentally or sensationally.

We have been told, says the *Gentlewoman*, that hardly played open air games have a tendency to create such evils as coarse, boisterous laughter, loud speech, and general roughness of manner. We have been further told that hard exercise, whether in the open or the gymnasium, is prejudicial to the nature, duties, and functions of womanhood. Similar methods, so it is insisted, cannot be used with young girls, however successful they may be to those employed in turning the weak-kneed and hollow-chested "'cruity" into stalwart Thomas Atkins. Girls also, so it is held, having more highly strung nervous conditions than their brothers, are more apt to be carried away into dangerous efforts. This simply amounts to saying that the average girl is so idiotic as not

to recognise her limitations of strength and stamina. In reply, it can be fairly urged that the same type of hysterical personality would be likely to run far more dangerous and culpable risks as a mere frivolous society frou-frou, or, for the matter of that, as a literary, artistic, or musical enthusiast.

Somewhat unexpectedly, by crossing the Atlantic we find in the famous Smith College an excellent proof of the successful results following the athletic training of young girls. But then such success is undoubtedly attributable to the thoughtful and common sense management of that admirable institution. Its one thousand two hundred inmates, before starting on their course of physical training, are compelled to undergo a careful medical examination, of which the record is consulted with reference to particular physical weaknesses or otherwise. On the perusal of a few columns of statistics it can be clearly seen how easily attainable, after only six or eight months' residence, is the most marvellous improvement in healthy weight, lung capacity, strength of back and limbs, and what might be termed total strength.

An Easy Exercise for the Chest.

As regards open air games of the hard class, albeit the expression of such an opinion may call forth both anger and contempt, the danger of over-excitement, over-straining, and accident principally arises in those competitions in which the other sex is too freely admitted to participate. In the male creature a certain irritation always arises, chivalrous as he may be, in having, as he thinks, to give way to the inferior female, and so lose points. With a number of girls and women the full knowledge of this is likewise extremely irritating, as it suggests that they are not really playing the game. And the proper playing of any game is in itself a commendable virtue. When one has to fix one's attention firmly on what is going forward, or else prove a nuisance to those around, there can be little time for inane flirtations or loud and boisterous laughter and speech. There was, for instance, much more vulgar nonsense going forward on the croquet lawns of our mammas when the game was made childishly easy from the fact that the width of the iron hoops seemed to go in direct ratio with those of their crinolines.

MODERN SPARTANS.

TYROLESE hunters subsist for the most part on cheese and bread, and think nothing of camping in a shawl at the brink of a glacier, but are matched by the Hungarian herders, who can keep in the saddle for forty-eight hours after breaking their fast on a crust of cornbread and a few scraps of dried meat. In 1849 the Magyar infantry, after a forced march of sixty miles and a total fast of thirty hours, took the hill of Buda by storm, and then indulged in a war dance before inspecting the commissariat of the captured fort, or the contents of the sub-cellar. Man for man, the Austrians could have overpowered any comers from Prussian wrestling rings, but could not perform the miracle of winning a blunderbuss battle against the bullet-storm of the needle guns.

BRAINWORKERS are proved by statistics to be long lived. Five hundred and thirty eminent men and women were taken as a basis, and their duration of life gives an average age of about sixty-eight and a half years.

THE WEAKNESS OF A HERO.

By our Paris Correspondent.

[*The following article tells the sad story of a heroic man who, notwithstanding his courage and extraordinary strength, was the victim of his own mental and moral weakness. Without any attempt at preaching or lecturing, it carries a lesson that ought to be appreciated by every young man. Physical courage is only secondary to moral courage.*—The Editor.]

ON that fatal day in May, 1897, when the Charity Bazaar fire was breaking out, a young lead-roofer out of work passed down the rue Jean Coujon, Paris.

Seeing the smoke and flames coming from the one-storey wooden building, he pushed in to find himself in a mass of fashionably dressed girls and men, crazed, rushing about or clinging to and rendering helpless a few fashionably dressed men.

The young artizan had no scruples. He picked up a girl, fought his way out with her, returned, picked up another, kicked aside a third who had grabbed him by the legs, struck down a frantic man who would not let go his coat, staggered with his burden to the street, and hurried in for another woman.

A few other heroic men of his own kind joined in the work—Georges, a coachman; Piquot, another lead-roofer; two hotel cooks who pulled women through a window, and three compositors from an adjoining printing office, working at two other windows; but the catastrophe was sudden and the fire was hot!

None took out so many women as the young lead-roofer. A charred joist, falling, almost stunned him. Once an aristocratic girl, reposing in his arms, cried, horrified: "Monsieur, your hair is burning!" And she put it out with her gloved hands.

He saved twenty women—went in twenty times. When it was over he walked away simply, and his name would never have been known had not his landlord, the next day, called in a poor doctor to treat him for a bad case of "heat fever."

He was Leon Henri Desjardine, twenty-three years old, unmarried.

* * * *

Four years passed. On November 13th, 1901, a young man fell in the Avenue de Villiers and was all but run over. As he could not rise to his feet, two policemen judged that he was drunk and led him to the station, amid the jeers of the street.

At the station, however, he explained that he had been without food for two days. Comforted by a bowl of soup and warmed at the fire, he who had been fainting from starvation was able to reply to M. Michaud, the police commissary.

"I am a lead-roofer by trade," he said "but injuries by burns and a joist falling on my head prevent me from finding much work nowadays. The bosses fear I will get dizzy on the roofs. Therefore I do odd jobs. This week I have been following cabs with baggage from St. Lazare railway depot."

Much has been written on the psychology of this most shiftless of the "little trades" of Paris, whose practitioners, while so curiously incapable of moderate but sustained effort, are willing on occasion, to put forth immense exertion. They do not know the cab's destination yet they follow at a dog-trot on the mere chance of earning a franc by carrying a trunk up four flights.

"What is your name?" asked the police commissary.

"Leon Henri Desjardins."

"You say you have suffered from burns. Are you the Desjardins who distinguished himself at the Charity Bazaar fire?"

"Yes, monsieur le commissaire."

"Have you not a medal?"

"I have three."

"Were you not decorated with the Legion of Honour?"

"Yes, moniseur."

"Then why do you not wear the ribbon?"

With the child's logic that distinguishes him, Desjardins replied:

"It is not fitting—when I work at a tramp's trade."

"The dishonour is rather for those who let you do it," said the commissary. "Give me your address; I shall occupy myself with you." Then handing him a few dollars he walked out with the young lead-roofer to the police room. "This is not a drunkard, but a hero!" he said to those who arrested him.

* * * *

Of course the story made a great stir in the Paris papers. Editorials thundered against the ingratitude of the aristocratic and the rich. Here was a man who had saved women when their husbands fled from them in terror. How was it that not one family had made it duty to provide for this Desjardins?

During the week following all kinds of sums, from $2 to $20, came to the various newspaper offices for him, accompanied by letters breathing admiration for his conduct and reproaches for the ingratitude that had allowed so modest a hero to fall into want. Then as newspapers must move with the times, the brave lead-roofer and his destitution were again forgotten.

* * * *

Curious to learn if some of the twenty fine ladies of Paris he had carried in his arms out of the fiery furnace had at last discovered his address, I went to see Desjardins.

He lived in one of those curious Parisian establishments that are real workingmen's hotels—a wineshop with quantities of little rooms above it.

"M. Desjardins is expected at any moment," said a decent woman tending the bar. "My husband has gone with him to the prefecture, to present his papers and 'touch' the indemnity accorded him by the prefect." It was Mme. Barrie, the landlady.

"Are they giving Desjardins a Government place?" I asked.

The lady smiled rather embarrassed. "No," she answered, "if they made him a policeman he would arrest nobody, but waste his time helping old women and keeping children out of trouble. If they made him a turnkey, he would probably give the prisoners tobacco and post their letters for them."

"Is he so generous as that?" I asked, thinking of the belated tribute that must have been reaching him through the newspaper offices.

"Since the fire, Desjardins has been excitable and easily moved," she answered, as if defending herself or her husband. "Anyone can do what they will with him. Three years ago, when he had his share of the subscription money to recompense the rescuers—some £120—he gave and lent it away, 10s. and 15s. at a time, to comrades."

Did she think that I was bringing more subscription money? She showed me her accounts. The latter-day manna seemed to be amounting to £40, with more to be heard from, as letters continued coming.

"My husband and I will try to prevent him from distributing it as he did three years ago," she said. "Having taken part in a great ceremony of medal awarding and money distribution, he got it into his head that those first £120 made up a species of trust fund for him to lay out to the best advantage among the needy."

* * * *

During this time five Paris workingmen had slouched into the wineshop. Each sat down and ordered nothing, waiting for Desjardins.

Then Desjardins came.

He came flushed and enthusiastic. With enthusiasm the crowd greeted him: "There's Desjardins!" "Bon jour, Desjardins!" "Desjardins, here's a monsieur to see you!" "Desjardins, they are coming to photograph you!"

A heavy jowled loafer—it was 3 p.m.—tranquilly did Desjardins' ordering for him: four bottles of red wine with the seal on. In five minutes he called up four others. Mme. Barrie nonchalantly placed the empty bottles in a mass of

others in a corner. "They are all my empty bottles!" laughed Desjardins. "Madame keeps the count that way!"

Madame changed the subject by asking for news. For answer her husband lifted his eyes in melodramatic despair. He, too, was heavy jowled and very husky. In fact, Desjardins was like a boy among these fellows. And then, bright-eyed, boyishly laughing, intense, voluble, amiable, explanatory and conciliating, Desjardins began:

"The prefect of police told me I could have anything I wanted."

"Good!" said the five honest workingmen uneasily.

"I can be a janitor. I can be museum custodian. I can be a park guard. Or huissier, or messenger!"

"They are all good trades, with pensions at the age of sixty," said madame. "A huissier wears a silver chain around his neck."

"Or I can work in the municipal nurseries—I like that—among the plants," said Desjardins. "Or perhaps municipal customs examiner—that is a high place, and the uniform is neat."

"You chose that!" exclaimed Mme Barrie. But her burly husband lifted his shoulders in despair.

"Tell what you chose," he grumbled.

"Has he chosen?" "What did you take, Desjardins?" "Lucky fellow!" "Say, Desjardins, now you're fixed for life!" "Speak up, tell us what it is, Desjardins!"

With an expression of utter triumph on his bright, good-natured face, Desjardins pulled a brass plaque or ticket from his pocket. It bore the number 1576, and circling around it the words "commissionaire."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Mme. Barrie. The honest workingmen sat staring at him open-mouthed. "Sapristi! Now you've done yourself!" said one.

Yes, he had done himself. He had chosen the poorest job in the gift of the prefect of police. A bootblack's stand with a brass number and the right to run errands!

"But I chose what I wanted!" he defended himself plaintively. "I want to be a commissionaire. I want to be my own master. I want to run in the open air. And they have given me the best stand in Paris—the round point of the Champs-Elysees. I shall have a *chic* lot of customers!"

"Yes," murmured Mme. Barrie, "the twenty ladies whom you rescued will pass by you in their carriages!"

* * * *

A week later Desjardins called on me at my apartment for a copy of the photograph that we had taken of him. He was laughing and delighted.

"I have special reason to desire the photograph," he told me confidentially "I want it for a young person!"

"Ah, one of the aristocratic girls you fetched out of the fire has found you at last?" I said. "Naturally, she will be glad to have your photograph!"

"No, no!" he exploded. "It is for my girl, all mine, monsieur—I am going to be married, monsieur—she is a brunette with eyes like little suns. She has a dimple in her chin—on the left side! Her teeth are white and she is very, very pretty! I met her three days ago, and we are going to be married next week. I have already bought 900 francs worth of furniture!"

"You're going it," I said, surprised that he should have kept such a sum together. "Have you rented an apartment?"

"No, I sent the furniture to her place," replied Desjardins. "And the money still comes in. Yesterday I got three more letters with 130 francs in them!"

* * * *

Two months passed; I saw no more of Desjardins. Then, one morning, as I crossed the round point of the Champs Elysees, someone came running behind me, calling "Monsieur! Monsieur!"

It was he, the same Desjardins, quite unchanged, gay, laughing, voluble, triumphant.

"Yes, everything is going fine!" he told me. "You see how well I am dressed! Yes, I have gone into business now and doing very well."

"And your wife helps you?" I said "That is fine!"

"N-n-no" he hesitated; then he broke out confidentially: "You see, I didn't get married, monsieur. All at once the girl grew cold and distraite. You see,

I think her mother had forced her to take me up because of my money. She preferred another man. When I learned that, monsieur, I told her to go and be happy."

"And your 900 francs worth of furniture?" I asked.

"Oh, I told her to keep it!' replied the unpractical hero, shamefacedly. "It reconciled her mother to the other man you see. The girl was very grateful to me, I assure you."

"And you have gone into business all alone?" I said.. "What business?'

"Why, my commissionaireship. I set up my stand last week. There is my boot-black box, there is my botte for carrying heavy packages. I had just enough money left to make the installation."

* * * *

Often after that, as I passed up and down the Avenue Champs Elysees I would stop and chat with Desjardins at his stand.

He grew thinner and paler. As to how business was doing, he answered hopefully but evasively. He had never been able to tell a coherent story of the great fire, but in spite of all such leading questions, he had always resolutely refused to lend a word of testimony to the slur of cowardice that still hangs upon the rich and aristocratic men whose eighty high silk hats were found in the bazaar after the fire. "I didn't notice," he would always say, when pressed with questions.

* * * *

One afternoon, however, as he sat extremely pale and shaky on his boot-black's chair, a great Parisian clubman sauntered jauntily by. He twirled a costly cane. A flower was in his buttonhole. And he was rosy, fresh and fine.

Desjardins laughed.

"Ma, that monsieur! I can't help smiling when I see him!"

I urged him to tell me why. I had just given him a franc and he was grateful to me.

"I laugh," he said, "when I remember how I saw him in the fire. He was not jaunty then. He ran bellowing with fear, knocking over girls and women. I had picked up a girl. He rushed up and grabbed me by the coat. 'Take me out! he cried. His teeth were chattering. 'Let go,' I answered hastily, 'I've got all I can take; let go—you'll get us burned!' But he held on. 'Drop her and take me out. I'll give you 50,000 francs!" he blubbered. 'I can't see for smoke; you know the way!'"

"Well?" I said.

"Well," replied Desjardins, "he wouldn't let go, and it would have taken time to knock him down, so I cried to him to follow quick and not pull me back; and I ducked my head down and ran with the girl and so we all three got out to the good air of the street."

"I suppose he forgot about the 50,000 francs?"

"I suppose so," laughed Desjardins "because once when I met him on this same avenue and stopped him to talk of old times, he threatened to have me arrested for begging."

"And the women you rescued—do you ever see them passing in their carriages?" I asked.

"Yes, now and then. There are five that I recognise. I do not know their names. One was the one who put the fire out when my hair was burning. She is married and rides with two dear little children. It is a pleasure to see them"

* * * *

I saw Desjardins once again—last week. It was in the automobile razzle-dazzle of the Porte Maillot. He was lean and white and very badly dressed. He dragged along. All his old jauntiness was gone.

"What are you doing now?" I asked.

"I'm washing automobiles," he said, "that is, a man promised me a job of washing automobiles, and I'm waiting for him."

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes, monsieur," he answered.

SIDELIGHTS ON FOOD.

"Things are not always what they seem. Among the subjects of recent convictions for food adulteration were:—Milk containing 64 grains of boracic acid at Willesden; butter containing 85 per cent. of foreign fat at Willesden, milk lacking 50 per cent. of fat at Greenwich; and coffee containing 40 per cent. of chicory at Greenwich.

Dust and Drink.

Dust-Laden Air Causes Drunkenness.

By Professor C. J. Howard.

THE air of the cities is responsible for a large percentage of the drinking of alcoholic beverages.

In a town where the majority of the paving is of stone there is to be found a larger percentage of the consumption of alcohol per capita.

A town where soft coal is used consumes far more beer and whisky per capita than a town paved with asphalt.

The dust of a city creates a coating on the membranes of the throat and stomach that water does not wash out, or rather creates a condition that water does not ameliorate, and when the palate or the nerves in that membrane are used to the acute taste of alcohol it is the only thing that will satisfy the dry and hot feeling of those parts of the body.

Observations made in regular form show that the consumption of alcohol is 100 per cent. greater among men who work where coal smoke is predominant than among those who do the same amount of physical labour where there is no coal smoke.

Until the time comes when streets and pavements and even the facades of buildings may be washed and flushed by water there is no chance of reducing the volume of disease-breeding dust in the air. There are plenty of experts who advance arguments against the flushing and washing of streets, but it will be one of the greatest helps toward the reduction of individual drinking that will be made in that direction.

The mineral dusts of the city in themselves are not necessarily dangerous, nor do they do any great harm to the nasal organs, but where they are mixed with the more generative vegetable dusts that come from the animals of the streets and from the tons and tons of fine powder of the interstices of buildings, added to the mass of insect-laden mixtures made by the birds that use the cornices, windows and chimneys for homes, they make a mixture that, breathed into the nose, stomach and lungs, is just like that much poison, and it is no wonder that men will seek a drink with alcohol in it without knowing why they should be doing so.

I have had men say to me:

"I am going to get a drink. I don't know why I should want it, for I don't care very much for it, but it seems to me that it's the only thing that would do me any good at the present moment."

Eight times in ten he is suffering from the dust-coat of his breathing apparatus.

Breathing coal dust in itself is not what does the real harm when it comes to the more permanent harm that coal dust works. The harm is worked when coal dust and the soot from our millions of chimneys in the city which are blown into our noses and stomachs unite and make gases that work the positive harm on the pulmonary tubes. The coal dust will make a thirst, but it has to have the help of the soot and the ensuing gas to do any real physical harm. Unfortunately, they are usually attendant.

Mental worry, where there is little or no cause for the same, will frequently be found to be caused by a baked and drawing condition of the nasal organs, made so by the city dust.

A man may ride on a country road a whole summer day in a cloud of dry clay or sand dust and assuage the baked and caked feeling in his breathing apparatus with a long drink of good, clear water, but let the same man poke around the city on a dusty day and he will soon be seeking something stronger than water to get rid of the parched feeling in his throat.

Wash the streets, wash the houses, wash everything that gathers dust, and you'll reduce the consumptive and catarrhal curse.

Shorten the women's skirts and stamp your feet before you enter your home, and you help to prevent the spread of germs in the house.

Don't brush your clothes in the house, and give them all a sun-bath at least once a week.

CHEAP CLEANLINESS.

Free baths provided by the Marylebone Public Health Department for men, women, and children respectively were used in 1905 by 9872 persons—7081 men, 1431 women, and 460 children.

READERS' CLUB.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—One may Help Many.

For the exchange of ideas, personal experience and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto, and for services rendered the President will award to the reader of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

"The Cursed Cigarettes."

Hull.

Sir,—I have been practising your system now for about four months and if everyone knew the benefits and pleasures gained by it I am inclined to think that everyone would be a physical culturist, and what a blessing to the nation that would be. Before starting your system I think I was a perfect specimen of physical degeneration, spending about three or four shillings a week on the cursed cigarettes. But now all is changed; I begin to see where my mistake has been, and I am beginning to realise that life *is* worth living. I may say I have got two friends of mine to start physical culture, and like myself they are delighted with the results. I feel I cannot praise your method too highly nor thank you sufficiently for the benefits I have received, and all through a few minutes' exercise a day.

H. Broadwell.

From a Teacher.

Glasgow.

Sir,—I should be pleased to write an article dealing mainly with the benefits derived from following your system during the past three years, for insertion in your valuable Magazine. Photo herewith if desired.

I am engaged in the teaching profession, a very sedentary occupation you will readily admit, and besides my school work during the day, I hold an appointment as Shorthand Master in the Evening Continuation Classes of a large Board School here.

As I have been continuously engaged in tutorial work in the evenings for the past four years, I may frankly admit that this was only possible by exercising on the Sandow system.

The 25s. spent on your dumb-bells and developers has long since repaid itself.

I may mention that my chest measurement has increased from 35½ in. to 42 in. and weight from 10 st. to 12 st. 2 lb.; height, 5 ft. 9 in.

I only wish I could spread your system to a greater extent as I come into contact with a great variety of pupils in connection with my work.

If the article I send you is the means of inducing others to take up physical culture, then I will feel satisfied, for as you will judge I have good reason to be thankful to you for your system.

Wm. Martin.

[I shall, indeed, be glad to receive the article my correspondent suggests, and, if suitable, to publish same.—The President.]

A Grip Bell Tip.

Tottenham, N.

Sir,—I have always been a great believer in physical culture, and have indulged in exercises of various kinds for some years, but not until just lately have I treated myself to a pair of your spring grip dumb-bells, which I now find excellent. The exercise with them is making me feel a different being, and I take a much keener interest in the welfare of my body, and with most pleasing and satisfactory results.

I find, too, the facts contained in your magazine most interesting; so many points are touched upon which do not form part of everyday conversation, and, consequently, do not come to one's knowledge. At the present day, when there is so much quackery, so many certain cures for an equally abundant stock of diseases, it is quite refreshing to know that Nature has not been forgotten, and that her remedial powers are still recognised and are given a chance to act.

I am pleased to say the Motto: "One May Help Many," has not been totally neglected by me, as I have managed to get two of my friends to make use of your system, and have half persuaded a third one. He is thinking it over!

There is a point in connection with the grasping of your dumb-bells which might be well to mention. I have rather long fingers and can, consequently, grip the dumb-bell in the fore part of the hand without using the thumb to any great extent. I was unconsciously doing this and worked with ease, using four springs; but the fact suddenly dawned upon me and I found by grasping the dumb-bell properly, the exercises became more difficult to perform, so I conclude I was not really gaining full benefit by the mis-directed grip. This is a mishap which might happen with others, hence I trust you will forgive my mentioning my own case.

Walter J. Aidden.

IN THE ARENA OF SPORT.

OLYMPIC GAMES FOR LONDON.

There is good hope that the next Olympic Games, which will take place in July, 1908, will be held in London. This decision may seem strange, at first, but not when the real significance of the Olympic movement is appreciated.

"If the revival of the Olympic games," said the Rev. R. S. de Courcy Laffan, hon. secretary of the British Olympic Association, to a *Daily Chronicle* representative, "was merely a sentimental revival of an event of historic interest, then the games could only be held in Greece, but the Olympic movement has a practical purpose. Its object is to bring the different nations together and foster a sense of kinship between them, just as the Olympic games of ancient Greece fostered a feeling of unity in the whole Greek world. The revival aims at taking the old Greek idea and adapting it in the best way possible to the conditions of the modern world."

It is a mistake to suppose that the games which it is hoped may be held in London are the natural successors to the games held this year in Athens. The present Olympic movement had its origin at the International Athletic Congress held at the Sorbonne in 1894, when its direction was assigned to an International Committee. Of this committee Baron Pierre de Conbertin is president, and it includes representatives from no fewer than twenty-three different countries.

Three Olympiads have been celebrated, at Athens in 1896, at Paris in 1900, and at St. Louis in 1904. The competitions are rigorously confined to amateurs, and every effort has been made to make the games fully representative of every form of modern athletic contest and of every nation of the civilised world.

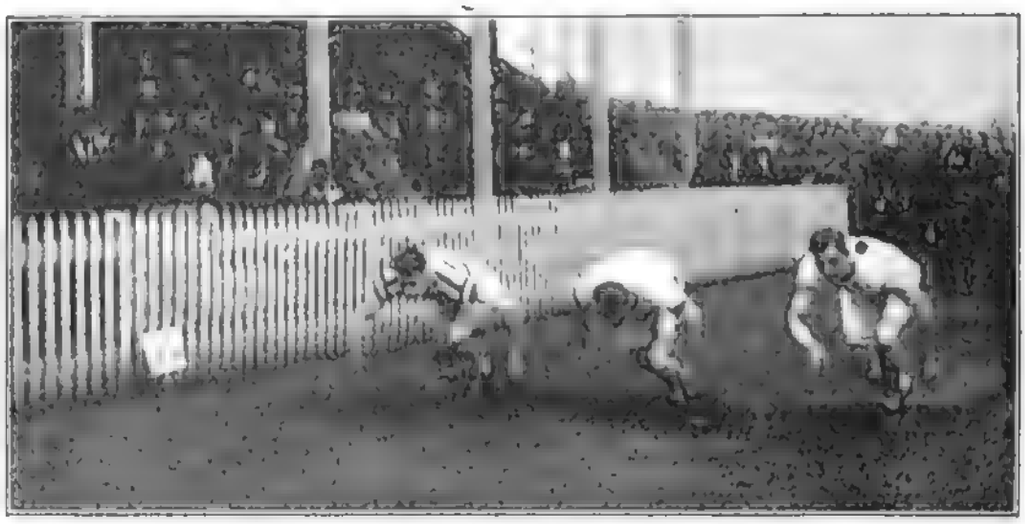
It was after the first Olympiad held in Greece in 1896 that the Greeks thought of organising Olympic Games, in their turn to be held quadrennially in Athens. The war caused a postponement of the plan, so that the first games only took place this year.

"But if the wider purpose of the International Committee is to be fulfilled," explained Mr. Laffan, "it is essential that the Olympic games should be held in different centres, and in places more generally accessible than Athens.

"Congresses and similar gatherings," he continued, "where representatives of different nations come together, good as they are, only bring together the greyheaded, the people who have for the most part realised that every nation has something to learn from its neighbours.

"The youthful element is wanting. But in these international games it is the young men who will be brought together—the very people who have most prejudices, and are quite sure they know everything. But in games they will learn to respect one another, not only each other's prowess, but each other's courtesy and uprightness, and so on. So, we hope these international Olympic games will accomplish a very good work."

The last meeting of the International Committee was held at the Mansion House in June, 1904, and it was then decided, on the motion of the Italian delegates, to hold the 1908 Olym-



Sprint Racing at Auckland, N.Z.

piad in Rome. Difficulties have arisen to render this plan impossible, and the committee have expressed a great wish to hold the games in London. The British Committee warmly approved, provided the support of the principal amateur athletic and sporting associations of the country could be secured.

"So far all the answers we have received," said Mr. Laffan, "have been favourable, but all the replies have not yet come in. Then, our committee must meet and come to a formal decision. But I have very good hopes that the matter will go forward. Our endeavour will be to include all modern sports, so far as it is practicable."

AFTER HACKENSCHMIDT.

A NEW Albanian wrestler, Hussein Mahmout, has been brought from the Middle East by Antonio Pierri to conquer Hackenschmidt.

Hussein and the "dark horse," Leonidas Konstantin, are training and practising every day. A *Daily Chronicle* representative found them in the club room of a South London public house, where the new aspirants for the championship wrestle for three hours daily. Leonidas, by a touch of irony, wears the tights which Madrali wore before he fell from his high estate.

"There is not the slightest doubt that in Hussein Mahmout," said Antonio Pierri, "I have found a wrestler of no mean order. Those who have seen him struggling with his opponents—all men of sure reputation in the wrestling world—from nine till one o'clock, with scarcely a show of fatigue, and an untiring zest for his work, have no hesitation in sharing my confidence in his power.

"Madrali was slow and heavy, and not particularly bright at remembering instructions, but Hussein has the advantage of being younger, quick at understanding instructions, and what he lacks in weight he makes up for in agility.

"He's as slippery as an eel, and wiry. Look at him!" said Pierri, admiringly, as Hussein was slipping about on the mat, out of the clutches of his opponents. "He's as slippery as a fish out of water," said Pierri, searching for more similes.

Hussein's strength lies in his legs and his neck, and his knowledge of the business. He has been wrestling all his life, and he knows all the tricks.

The following are Hussein's measurements as compared with Hackenschmidt:—

Hussein Mahmout.	Hackenschmidt.
Age, 24	28
Height, 5ft. 11½in.	5ft. 8in.
Weight, 14 stone	15 st. 2lb.
Chest, 42in.	52in.
Neck, 18in.	22in.
Biceps, 14½in.	18½in.
Thigh, 25½in.	26in.
Calf, 16in.	17½in.
Forearm, 14in.	15½in.

FRANCE v. ENGLAND.

A FOOTBALL match, under the auspices of the Football Association, is to be played in Paris on November 1st, between representative teams of England and France.

WORLD'S WALKING RECORDS BEATEN.

IN a two miles walking race at Swansea, A. T. Yeomans, the two miles champion of England, recently walked a mile in the fresh record time of 6 min. 5 sec., and two miles in 12 min. 53⅗ sec. The previous bests were 6 min. 19⅘ sec. (for a mile), by Yeomans himself, on August 18th this year, at Bath; and 13 min. 11⅘ sec. for two miles, by G. E. Larner, at Manchester, in July, 1904.

ENGLISHMAN WINS AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

AT the National Championship meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, held at Travers Island, William Nelson, of England, easily won the five miles running championship.

OYSTERS AND NERVES.

"OYSTERS are extremely good for persons suffering from nervous complaints," said a well known Harley Street physician to a Press representative, "and many invalids, in addition to numbers of people who are not invalids, will derive benefit from the fine condition of this year's oyster.

"Generally speaking, six to eight oysters will equal a chop in sustaining qualities, for they are very nutritious, and when eaten raw are very digestible. The nutriment in oysters is remarkable, and often could not be conveyed to a person in such a small compass. They make an ideal meal for persons who are 'run down,' but it should be remembered that from six to nine oysters give as much benefit as a larger number. To get the most out of oysters, never more than nine should be taken at one time."

Retail prices for the season will not vary much, but the public have the satisfaction of knowing that they are getting better value for money. The great demand with the exceptional condition of the oyster will keep the price from dropping greatly, despite the abundance on the fisheries. "Royal" Whitstables, probably the best oyster in the world, are a monopoly of the Whitstable Company, but there are other very excellent oysters to be obtained from competing firms on the Kent and Essex coasts, and so good are all of them that a little later when the oysters are still better "fished" it would require an expert to detect the difference in appearance between those at two shillings a dozen and those at three shillings and sixpence or four shillings. Here is an estimated price list for the best qualities of oysters during the coming months:—

	Dozen. s. d.
"Royal Whitstables"	3 6
"Seconds"	2 6
Varying kinds, first class oysters	2 0

In the third class may be put the smaller of the more famous oysters, and oysters the best of their kind from various parts of the coast. It will be possible in the coming months to get an excellent oyster for two shillings a dozen.

Hard Work Benefits Muscles and Brain.

By G. Elliot Flint.

NATURE loves variety and abhors sameness. After muscles have been repeatedy stimulated they become less sensitive. The muscles of some too-constant athletes are in a chronic state of fatigue. No animal, be it a man or a horse, can go on equaling his best efforts for a great length of time. In both physical and mental training there is for a while improvement, then an approximate balance, and afterward retrogression. But note that the periods of improvement and retrogression are each much longer than is the period of balance. So familiar is this truth that few notice it; for it is commonly believed to be far easier to hold one's own than to improve. Really, however, a man improves for forty or fifty years; he maintains a balance for only four or five; then he begins to retrograde.

An athlete should improve constantly while training, and he should calculate this period so as to meet his opponent or opponents at the time—and not much after—he has reached his best condition. The contest over, he should go out of training but continue to exercise. By thus nursing his reserve force he may remain formidable for many years, and thereafter each successive time he trains he ought to be a better man than he was in any previous training. Several months should elapse between trainings. An athlete with good habits ought to last athletically until he is past fifty. Weston, at sixty-eight, is now apparently at his best. But athletes who keep constantly on edge are apt to break down.

How hard it is for athletes to hold their own after they have attained their highest condition is shown by the many that "go stale" before the contest they have trained for takes place. Oarsmen, prize fighters and football men frequently break down in their training if it has been begun too early

I have said that those out of training should exercise. The difference between exercise and training is considerable. While the prolonged or constantly recurring supreme efforts that constitute training proper are wearing and in the end devitalising, the regular moderate efforts proceeding from exercise are a necessary condition of our normal development and well being. One who keeps in fair condition by exercise can easily get into his highest condition by training, but in this latter state he should not remain longer than two or three months. Do well always; your utmost only occasionally.

All know that some organs never rest for even one minute. The heart pumps blood while life lasts; the lungs expand and contract unceasingly, and the innumerable organs concerned in absorption, secretion and excretion are constantly active Activity, then, is a necessary condition of life, so that the man who remains persistently inactive, or who is active only when he occasionally trains, is not living physiologically as he should. and is, therefore, not long to survive.

But, one might ask, is habitual moderate exercise sufficient to maintain perfect health and a fair share of strength? And, if so, is severe training, viewed entirely from a health standpoint, necessary or even desirable? An answer to this question is not easy. That general moderate exercise taken at regular intervals will keep most persons in good health and give them a fair amount of strength the writer believes. But he further believes that occasional training proper, by developing all the organs as well as the muscles to their highest degree of efficiency, will give more or less permanently to the individual that undergoes it a still higher health and far greater strength. Even out of training such an individual's health, strength and general resisting power will continue on a much higher plane than that of an individual who has never trained but who merely exercises moderately. In short, occasional supreme efforts raise the plane of the condition that results from ordinary exercise.

To turn now to the brain. There are those whose brains are constantly and severely exerted. Financiers, editors, writers and star reporters, whose daily productions are sometimes enormous,

are apt to suffer periodically from brain fag. The brain gives out just as do the muscles of the overtrained athlete. But, fortunately, the brain is more quickly recuperative than the muscles; a mental rest of a few days or a few weeks will usually restore its erstwhile vigour. The great trouble with brain workers is that they do not take sufficient physical exercise. Through muscular work blood is drawn from the brain, which rests the nerves of that organ, thus rendering them again sensitive to stimuli.

Here it may be remembered that severe mental exertion affects the brain as severe training affects the muscles; each develops its respective parts much more than would ordinary exercise.

Will and Power.

By the Editor.

TELL me something to cure the tobacco habit, but don't suggest will power—I have tried it.

Thus writes a man. Perhaps he thinks there is some formula, lotion or salve which, if applied once without an effort on his part, will kill the desire for tobacco for ever after; or again, the gentleman may have in mind some method like the famous cures for drink, where all you do is take a few medicines and apparently let them do the work. There is no such wonder cure for tobacco, drink or anything else, and it's a good thing too that each one of us has to do his or her own work, otherwise there would be more shirkers than there are already.

The physicians in charge of the great sanatoria for drunkards will tell you that nothing will absolutely keep a man from drinking but the desire of the man himself. The doctors may be able to destroy his taste for liquors for the time being, but unless he WILLS not to drink he can return to the habit again in a week's time.

Nobody can do the real work for anybody else. The philanthropist, the doctor or the minister can only help so far and no further. The real effort made by the individual man or woman is the only thing that will lead to development. It's the only thing that counts. Nobody can cure a man of the tobacco habit but the man himself. Nobody can prevent him from stopping smoking when he really wants to. If there were magic cures in this world it would take away half the zest in life. For what is greater than to have done battle with yourself and conquered?

There are thousands of people in this world who are looking around for strong characters, mental or moral bracers against which to lean, or for some one or something else to do their work. There are an equal number of people who allow themselves to be leaned on, who supply will power, courage, enthusiasm to those who haven't backbone enough to stand up by themselves.

The first are simply letting the second kind do the work, and neither class is getting what belongs to them, for to act as brace, moral support and will power to a perfectly healthy individual is simply depriving that person of his possibilities of self-development.

There are lots of little sign-boards on the right road to perfection, and it's first rough bit of road; after that he must guide his own footsteps.

There is, for instance, the "cure" to help the man who drinks over the first rough bit of road; after that he must guide his own footsteps into the path of temperance. There are lots of sign-posts to good health, some to happiness, but each one of us has to walk the way himself, and no outside person can make us keep on the path. Some one tells me that our tobacco smoking friend may be helped a little by eating fruit when he feels a craving for the weed, by keeping his teeth, mouth and tongue clean and rinsed with strong antiseptic wash, particularly the back of the tongue; by keeping out of doors as much as possible during the time when he was in the habit of smoking. But these are only indicators. All the real work of breaking up the old habit must be done by the man himself through the use of his much despised "will power."

THERE is great connection between diseases. Very often the children of consumptive people become insane, and frequently people who become insane develop consumption, which has been latent in them for years.—DR. FORBES WINSLOW.

SCIENCE OF BREATHING.

By R. O. Jarrett, Instructor of Sandow's System in Wanganui, New Zealand.

[*Mr. Jarrett is a famous teacher of the Sandow system of physical culture in New Zealand, and was engaged by the Wanganui Board of Education to give instruction in breathing, etc., to the teachers of the various schools under its control.*—THE EDITOR.]

WE all breathe, of course, but the question that has often been asked is—Do we breathe correctly? Errors in eating and drinking are commonly committed, and many a dyspeptic, in consequence of committing them, has had to adopt a rigid dietary treatment. But how seldom do we hear of errors in breathing, or of the adoption of a new way of performing the seemingly simple operation of filling the lungs with air? Like most simple things, it is often passed over as not worth troubling about, or looked upon as the fad of a new school of physical culturists.

Yet scientific breathing is really as old as the proverbial hills. It is extensively practised by certain castes in India, who make claim to a wonderful increase in their powers through the exercise of it. And everyone who has taken singing lessons from a competent teacher knows the stress laid on proper breathing, and the part which breathing exercises play in the course of instruction. The trouble is that breathing—true breathing—has been confined to the few, while the rest of the world have never known about, or have else forgotten it. And it is to make the practice of it more universal that is the aim of so many physical culturists to-day.

Most people, of course, agree readily enough that deep breathing—filling the lungs to their full capacity—must be more beneficial than the tiny proportions of air which so many draw in with each inspiration. But the popular idea of deep breathing seems to be the distention to bursting point of the thorax, or upper chest, the only result of which, if it be continued, is the straining of muscles, lungs, and heart, disgust on the part of the breather, and a final abandonment of the practice as something of no account. Then, it may be asked, if we are not to breathe with the "chest," what are we to breathe with? The answer is simply to breathe with "all" of the chest, and not with only a part of it. The lower chest must be utilised; in other words, we must breathe with the abdomen. "Breathe with the stomach?" cries someone. No gentle reader, not "with," but "from" the stomach.

And in considering abdominal breathing there is this to be taken note of: That many people taking it up work their abdominal muscles too much, producing what is popularly, if inelegantly, termed a "corporation." While the abdomen is to be used perhaps the more, the thorax—the upper chest—must not be neglected. The aim should be a proper distribution of work for the breathing organs, and the production of a just balance between them, thus ensuring development and symmetry of form, together with efficiency of the breathing apparatus.

Between the lungs and the stomach is the diaphragm, a kind of partition between the breathing and the digestive organs. In correct breathing, the diaphragm is depressed, pushing out the muscles of the abdomen and flanks, and it is thus obvious that the latter's movements are due, not to their own inflation, but to the movements of the diaphragm. It will, we hope, be clear from the above that "deep" breathing is different to the popular conception of it, viz., the swelling out of the thorax, or what Tommy Atkins calls "chucking a chest." That if you like may be called "wide" or "thick" breathing, or anything else that implies distention in a lateral direction. But "deep" breathing is breathing deep down in the chest, by filling the lower part first, and the upper part last. Reversing this process, by far the larger number of us fill—or half fill—the upper part first, and give the lower chest nothing at all.

Before closing this notice it may be well to point out that there is one benefit to be derived from proper breathing that is often overlooked. Everyone will agree that the more oxygen that is taken into the lungs, the richer must the blood become, and the healthier must be the condition of the heart and other organs of the body. But while it is good for the general health of the body it also has a great stimulating effect on the nervous system, and that not only indirectly, but directly also. The explanation is simple. Place your hand over that part of the body between the angle of the breast bone, what boxers call the "wind." Here is one of the great nerve centres of the body —the solar plexus. Radiating from it are nerves which run to all parts of the system.

When a man is struck in the solar plexus, he is said to have "the wind knocked out of him." The truth is that the shock of the blow is carried by the nerve ray all over the body, and a species of temporary paralysis is the result.

True breathing means nerve massage in addition to development of muscular and lung power, and enrichment of the blood. While the play of muscle increases the chest measurement, and deep inhalation increases the lung capacity, the alternate depression and elevation of the diaphragm, corresponding with the movement of the thorax and abdomen, massages the solar plexus, stimulating and strengthening the nerves in the same way as ordinary massage strengthens the muscles. And this has a still further resultant effect, in a general toning up of the system, and what is very important, especially with children, brightening and strengthening the mental powers.

Happy is the boy or girl who is "caught young" for instruction in these exercises. But their systematic use is no less beneficial to the adult, "set" though his bones and sinews may be. At the very least it will prevent many a one of poor health from becoming worse, and will probably make him better. One word of warning in conclusion: Don't strain! Be satisfied with doing a little less than you can do, in preference to attempting too much. In other words, keep something in reserve in this, as in all things.

How I Have Benefited from Physical Culture.

By Harry Hermese Lowe.

(Author of "Care of the Body," "How We Breathe," "Digestion," Sandow Gold Medallist, etc.)

FROM my earliest recollection I have been blessed, or otherwise, with a strong and never varying ambition to be strong and well developed. My one thought was for health and strength. Physical culture was the passion of my life. A photo of Sandow, or any other athlete, was indeed a treasure of my boyish heart, while the statues in the museums were a delight to me, only realised by those who, like myself, were born with a love of physical prowess. I first attempted physical culture in the hope some day of joining the army. I enjoyed as good health as most lads of the age of ten do, being troubled only with slight bilious attacks. I greedily snapped up all literature in any way bearing on the subject of exercise, etc. I never missed a chance to see a strong man or to engage in conversation with an athlete, endeavouring to pick up some little wrinkle that would be of use to me in my training. My parents were dead set against everything pertaining to physical culture, and so it was small wonder that I kept the secrets of my initial efforts to myself. I then and there resolved that my efforts towards the goal of my boyish ambitions should be strictly private. I took my measurements, weight, etc., at the commencement of training.

As time went on and my young mind grew and expanded, my love of things physical developed at a most rapid rate. My strength increased by leaps and bounds, as was abundantly proved to me by the different tests I made with weights and chest expanders. At the age of sixteen I had progressed sufficiently to justify my having several photos taken to show the results I had gained. At this age I lifted off the ground on to my shoulder a hamper of potatoes weighing 123 lbs., and carried them some distance. Another feat was lifting 86 lbs. above my head with one hand. Up to this stage I had not seen any really good performers; then it happened that I saw "the Saxon Trio," perform their marvellous feats of strength,

and shortly after Attila Bros. This gave me new life, and I registered a vow that I would become as strong as a horse. Although that vow has not been fulfilled in its entirety, I have met with at least a reasonable amount of success, as my photos and particulars of my feats at twenty years of age will prove. I soon found that light dumb-bells didn't suit me. I couldn't do myself justice with them. After many trials of the numerous exercises and systems extant, I came across the "Sandow Developer," just the thing I wanted; its combination of rubber and dumb-bells were excellent. Pretty soon I found I was able to use additional rubber strands and heavier dumb-bell heads. The great feature of Sandow's system is, in my opinion, that the developer supplies a moderate resistance, so that the demand for muscular contraction is almost entirely fulfilled without any call for effort of will, thus effecting a great saving of nervous energy. To the beginner I would say "work," work hard, work unremittingly. Rome wasn't built in a day, and you can't become strong in a week. It may be the work of a lifetime before you reach your ideal. Make Sandow or some other athlete your ideal and never rest until you have approximated as near to their superb physiques as Dame Nature intended you.

I hope and trust that many young men, may be induced to give a portion of their time to the study of physical culture, and am assured that anyone who does so will not regret it. Wishing you and your most instructive magazine every success, believe me, yours for Health and Strength,

Harry Hermese Lowe.

Weight Lifting Feats.

1. Supporting 1780 lbs. on the chest.
2. Tearing two packs of cards in halves.
3. Writing name on blackboard while holding 66 lbs. on little finger.
4. Two 86 lb. dumb-bells one in each hand above head.
5. Bending ⅝ in. bar of iron round the neck.
6. Slow press of 170 lbs. right hand above head.
7. Lifting two 60 lbs. ring weights on little fingers above head.
8. Lying on back and supporting bar bells and men on the hands and feet, combined weight, 540 lbs.
9. Swinging round and round with 184 lbs. in the teeth.
10. Waltzing to music with 285 lbs. on the shoulders and many others.

Measurements.

Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; weight, 10 st. 7 lbs. stripped; chest (expanded), 47½ ins.; normal, 40 ins.; biceps, 15 ins.; forearm, 12½ ins.; waist, 28 ins.; thigh, 23½ ins.; calf, 15 ins.; neck, 17 ins.

Don't Be a Food Faddist.

Nature a Better Judge than Science.

DIETETIC experts, who call themselves scientists, eat and drink scientifically; that is to say, having discovered the exact proportions of water and of the various food elements they require they consume neither more nor less than these proportions. Thus they put science before Nature. When they rise from the table hungry they boast of having suppressed their animal instincts. Though their diet regime, by creating an unnaturally small appetite, causes them to lose flesh, impoverishes their blood and gives them an unhealthy appearance, yet do they think it has discovered to them the secret of perfect health and longevity. Instead of drinking when they are thirsty and eating as much variety of plain food, as they want, which would be natural, they must needs drink so much water so many minutes before and after eating, whether they are thirsty or not, and consume so many grains of proteids, carbohydrates and fat at certain intervals, irrespective of their degree of hunger.

Is it wonderful, therefore, that dietists eke out a miserable physical existence before they die prematurely, victims of their science? Just recently an old man (seventy-seven) who had contracted the wholewheat fad and who expected to live to be a hundred because of it, died in Atlantic City of eating crabs. His weakened stomach succumbed to a square meal which would not have bothered an ordinary man.

The varieties of dietetic faddists are legion. A strong, healthy policeman with a sound digestion stopped eating common food and subsisted solely on vegetables. He died of gastric trouble a few months later.

Some hyper-scientific mind conceived the idea of storing concentrated nourishment in capsules. These were fed to soldiers in active service with the result that the poor fellows had to be carried home on stretchers.

In a restaurant where I was one morning a pale, hollow-eyed youth ordered breakfast food and a substitute for coffee. If they nourished him he didn't show it, and I couldn't help thinking of the remark of Woods Hutchinson, that cereals were all right—if one ate his breakfast first.

A healthy young fellow weighing 165 pounds took to a plain fruit-and-nut diet. He quickly lost thirty-five pounds, but regained his weight and thereby saved his life by resuming an ordinary regimen.

Then we have the raw-food faddists, the milk-punch faddists, vegetarians, and even grass-eaters. Also there are those who won't eat in the morning, others who won't eat at night, and still others who fast cheerfully for several days. The funny part is that these faddists with their acquired unnatural habits, think themselves superior to normal persons!

The fact is that the more natural and the less scientific we are in our personal habits the healthier are we likely to be. Animals, with only Nature to guide them, suffer from their stomachs far less than we do. They eat and drink what they like until they are satisfied.

Science is not seldom inimical to health. Artificially heated houses have made us peculiarly susceptible to "colds." Mechanical inventions and improved facilities of transportation have, by reducing too much our physical labour, diminished our powers of resistance. And now science to usurp further the safe guidance of Nature, would prescribe the kind and amount of our food. The handmaiden would be mistress. Yet Nature holds her own, for her votaries are still physically superior to those of science.

The dietetic faddists so greatly weaken their stomachs that soon they cannot digest a natural amount and variety of their proper food. Dr. Russell H. Chittenden, who experimented extensively on himself and on others to discover the minimum quantity of nourishment one could live on, discovered also that neither he nor his subjects could return, without great difficulty, to their former diet, which was the natural one. And to-day Dr. Chittenden lives on an unnatural diet which he has scientifically acquired; and he confidently believes that he has thus added years to his life. He assumes that science is superior to Nature, when it is not.

Common sense, and not science, in our eating and drinking is all that is required. And it is certainly not common sense to suppress natural appetite and to ignore natural desires by eating deficient quantities of unnatural foods which we naturally abhor, and by drinking between meals when we are not thirsty, and not drinking at meals when we are thirsty; all which science would teach us. Science has an important place, but it is not the place of Nature.

THE HUMAN FRAME.

A PHYSICIAN says that the human frame may be compared to a watch, of which the heart is the mainspring, the stomach the regulator, and what we put in it the key by which the machine is wound up. According to the quantity, quality, and proper digestion of what we eat and drink will be the pace of the pulse, and the action of the system in general. If the machine be disorganised, the same expedients are employed for its readjustment as are used by the watchmaker.

HOW TO AVOID TUBERCULOSIS.

"THE tubercle bacillus," said Sir James Crichton Browne in a recent address, "is burglarious in its nature; its deeds are deeds of darkness, and it cannot abide the light. It is foul in its tastes, and prefers an atmosphere loaded with impurities....The chosen habitat of tubercle is a dirty, ill-ventilated, dingy, ill-lighted, badly drained house, but let fresh air come in at the door, and the bacillus flies out at the window." What is said here of the tubercular germ applies as well to other disease germs. The body must have light. If you would be well, roll up the shutters, open the windows, and let in the fresh air and the sunlight. If the sun injures carpet and furniture, that is better than that you should fall a prey to the ravages of disease.

DOES TRAINING SHORTEN LIFE?

Not if it is *Sensible* and *Systematic*, says the Writer.

STRANGE as it may seem, it would puzzle anyone to enumerate off-hand a score of cases of extreme longevity among men who have been famous for any length of time for their athletic prowess, says a writer in *Ideas*. This, of course, does not apply to the amateur who exercises his muscles for a few short years ere duty calls him from the arena of sport to the battlefield of life, but solely to the professional athlete, who lives by his physical powers for such length of time as they will stand the strain of continuous training.

Rheumatism is the fell scourge of the ex-athlete. Draughty dressing-rooms, and the wretched weather so often attendant on athletic meetings in our capricious climate, are no doubt largely responsible for this, but be that as it may, it is a curious fact that many men who in their heyday have been champions of the cinderpath have in later life fallen victims to a chalky kind of gout in the feet.

A FRANTIC SPURT—THEN DEATH.

A thoroughly trained man, of course, is far better fitted to withstand the after effects of over-exertion than one who is not in the pink of bodily condition. Nature, however, refuses to be overtaxed even by the fittest.

Take, for instance, the case of James Renforth, one of the finest and most popular scullers that ever manned a thwart. At the time of the historic four-oared contest, England *v.* Canada, on the Kennebecassis River, Renforth, who rowed stroke, was in his prime, and trained to the very hour. At the crux of a desperately rowed race, poor "Jimmy" called upon his crew (Kelly, Winship, and Taylor) for a supreme effort. He spurted frantically himself, and instantly collapsing backwards insensible, drew his last breath ere the boat could be paddled ashore. That his death was due to the sudden overstrain was proved by the autopsy.

Again, look at the 'riksha "boys" of Durban, the admiration of all visitors to the picturesque port of Natal. These magnificent Zulus are by the nature of their calling professional athletes of the purest water, and by dint of constant hard work kept in the very acme of condition, any one of them being eminently fit to pose as an artist as a perfect model of an Ethiopian gladiator.

Almost without exception these poor fellows die in their early manhood. Note the painful heaving of the 'ricksha puller's chest after he has trotted with a load of, say, two average men, plus a portmanteau behind him the two uphill miles from the wharves to the Town Hall, and the reason for his early demise is apparent. Nature is outraged and Nemesis follows in the guise of fatal pulmonary disease.

"Training" nowadays, however, differs vastly from the rigorous regime in vogue among athletes of three or four decades ago. The doctrine of moderation prevails.

CRICKET AND LONGEVITY.

Cricket, perhaps, requires less physical preparation than the majority of sports, but a certain degree of "fitness" is necessary in order to endure through a day's fielding or a five hours' innings. Notwithstanding this, Dr. W. G. Grace in his peerless prime, remarked to an inquirer, "Oh, I don't train at all. Moderation is all that is necessary." This, with the addition of systematic walking to strengthen the muscles, was also the doctrine of the late Arthur Shrewsbury. Training or no training, however, cricket seems to conduce to longevity, if a plethora of hoary and hale old veterans constitutes a criterion.

Montague Holbein, the celebrated long-distance cyclist and Channel swimmer, who has probably been in continuous training more years than any living man of his age, and would, without doubt, be rated now an A1 "life" by an insurance company, is an opponent of extreme

methods. He makes walking the basis of his training. Modern ideas, in short, are diametrically opposed to the rigorous stringency of the old time trainer.

SANDOW'S SIMPLE METHODS.

Perhaps no one keeps "fit" more simply than Eugen Sandow. At the time of writing that genial Hercules does not look as if his years of strenuous exertion were in any way curtailing his span of life. When he was constantly performing in public, he says, he just ate and drank according to the dictates of his fancy, and thoroughly enjoyed a cigar, but invariably rested a couple of hours before performing his arduous feats.

Three notable survivors of the severity of the old time training methods, however, are still very much to the fore in spite of the extreme fulness of their years.

One of these is Jem Mace, the renowned pugilist of the old prize ring, who, not long ago, returned from a protracted boxing tour in South Africa, and has since been sparring and "starring" at the "halls," despite his more than three score and ten years.

Then Peter Adair, the aged pedestrian, recently made a record walk from Land's End to John o' Groats at a time of life when many men are in their dotage.

But greatest of all these ancient athletes is "Weston the Walker," who absolutely declines to lose the buoyant virility of his youth. Edward Weston is sixty-eight, and yet, only a month or two ago, he walked 100 miles in less than twenty-four hours, a considerable part of that time under a blazing sun!

From the foregoing it would appear that sensible, systematic training is decidedly conducive to longevity.

BRAIN IMPRESSIONS.

The number of impressions which come into a man's brain in a lifetime is startling. Psychologists have computed that since it takes one-third of a second for an impression to enter the brain, a man who lived to be a hundred years old must have collected in his brain during this time 9,460,800,000 copies of impressions.

Deducting one-third of this time for sleep, there are 6,307,200,000. This would give 3,153,600,000 separate waking impressions to a man who lived fifty years.

The Living Temple.

By J. H. Kellog, M.D.

GOD dwells in all Nature. Every tree, every flower, as well as every shining orb and every circling world, is an expression of the great Master Mind, the intelligence which upholds, controls, dwells in the universe, and "inhabiteth eternity."

Man is but the expression of a Divine thought. God dwells in man, and makes him, as the most perfect expression of Himself, His witness in the world. Every beautiful face is the token of a beautiful character, somewhere, sometime; and every graceful form the result of a pure and noble thought.

The laws that govern man, that determine his weal or woe, are one with the laws which control the mighty suns which move in space, which rule the sea in storm or calm, which lift the rocks into gigantic mountain chains, which shake the pillars of the world in the earthquake. We bow with reverence before these mighty manifestations of the Divine power and intelligence, forgetful that these same forces are ever in operation all about us, and not only around us, but within us.

The mighty forces which we see in the storm, in the cylcone, in the lightning's flash, in the thunder's roar, in earthquake, cataract, and tidal wave, are identical with those which, ever active in our bodily frames, propel the life-blood in our veins, maintain the breath, perform the subtle alchemy of digestion, plant roses on the lips and jewels in the eyes, attune to harmony that harp of a million strings, the brain and nerves, maintain with critical exactness and tension of every muscle and tendon, and sustain in hidden furnaces the never ceasing flame of vital heat.

What delicate care we bestow upon a pet canary or a favourite dog. With what deep solicitude the florist nurses and feeds his hot-house pets. We gaze with awe and love upon the giant forest oak, and cry, "O woodman, spare that tree!" when utilitarianism seeks its life. We bind up the wounds of trees and plants, so that the vital fluid which has for its mission the development of unfolding buds

and flowers, shall not escape; we turn aside it likely to tread upon some humble flower raising its head above the sod, because we see in its sweet innocence and loveliness an expression of Divine power and beauty, and are shocked at the thought of crushing it.

But how do we treat ourselves? With what sacred fidelity should we preserve the integrity of that marvellously constructed mechanism, that never-ceasing miracle of wisdom and power, the human form divine! When we remember that God dwells in this house not made with hands, will we not make it the object of our deepest solicitude to preserve, to nourish, to develop, to protect,—in harmony with God's wise and beneficent laws,—these wondrous bodies of ours? Or will we heedlessly exhaust by sensuous indulgence our vital forces, or taint by the gratification of gross appetites the crystal streams of life which, flowing in and out among the cells and fibres, structures, and organs, feed the secret springs of thought and character?

Strength and Skill.

Both Necessary for "The Complete Boxer."

TWO extremes precede adoption of the mean. This evolutionary law obtains in physical training as in the development of other sciences. In ancient times the training of pugilists involved only heavy work. Fighters, then wrestled, ran, tossed great stones, hit hard resisting objects and when they boxed it was with the leaded cestus or with iron weights in their hands.

While this mode of body culture gave them great strength, it made them slow. Yet, when their blows landed, so terrific was their force that frequently men were killed in fistic battles. In fights, those times, there were few rounds and no "draws"; one or other of the contestants being knocked senseless or killed within a few minutes.

Then came a reaction from heavy work, and this reaction was carried to the other extreme. Pugilists began to train only for quickness and endurance. They boxed with light gloves, played handball, skipped the rope, swung light dumb-bells or Indian clubs, and punched air-bags. This work did make them enduring and quick, but it sacrificed strength. Strength, however, remained an important factor in ring encounters; and only those who had it became champions. John L. Sullivan was the redoubted champion for many years, because of the strength he had acquired by heavy work before he took up prize fighting. True, he was finally knocked out by Jim Corbett, but this was after he had been already knocked out by something stronger than Jim. And Corbett, because of his lack of strength, could not successfully defend his title in his next battle; he was put to sleep by Fitzsimmons, who had been a powerful blacksmith. Jefferies, the present undisputed champion, was once a boiler maker—an occupation requiring and producing strength. Among the light weights, also, it is the man with the punch, rather than the clever boxer, who usually wins. In the Gans-Nelson fight just consummated, Gans, the harder hitter, won.

The above shows conclusively that heavy work, which develops strength, should have an important place in pugilistic training; and, indeed, the rabid prejudice against heavy work seems to be abating. The successful modern prize fighter needs both strength and quickness; and these he can acquire only by combining heavy with light exercise.

The writer has noticed that recently pugilists have been training more rationally. They are beginning to understand that to acquire hitting power they must hit something more solid than an air-bag. Some, when training, notably Jefferies, now do a certain amount of hard farm work, and many are recognising the value of wrestling and of "dipping" movements to strengthen their chests, shoulders and arms. Nor do they find that such exercises make them slow, provided they perform as well lighter, quick exercise.

In this connection the experience of William McClellan, at one time the middleweight champion, is interesting. Mac taught boxing in a well known gymnasium; but one summer when business was dull he gave up boxing and took to weight lifting. In the course of a few months

he learned to put up with either hand from the shoulder to arm's length above shoulder a 140-pound dumb-bell. Afterward, his pupils returning, he gave up weight lifting and recommenced boxing. He found that at first he was slow; within one week he regained his former quickness, at the same time retaining the acquired strength that eventually made him the champion middle-weight of the world. It is probable that had he boxed daily while he was lifting weights he would not have become slow even temporarily.

There is a widespread delusion that boxing alone will develop great strength. It will not. For proof one needs but to compare the strength of boxers with that of wrestlers or weight-lifters. Muscles to grow strong must overcome resistance, and considerable resistance. Quick movements, while they make quick muscles, will not make strong muscles.

These remarks have been called forth by the rumour that Georges Hackenschmidt, said to be the strongest and quickest man alive, intends to forsake the mat for the ring. If he decides to do so I see no reason why he should not best even Jefferies. Hackenschmidt weighs 210 pounds stripped; he is much stronger and quicker than Jefferies, and he has courage—only he lacks skill and experience as a boxer. But as Hackenschmidt is highly intelligent, and therefore quick to learn, why should he not become as skilful a boxer as he is a wrestler?

Tea as a Beverage

By J. J. Bell, M.D.

THAT tea is in no sense a food, but is more properly classed as a drug, is perhaps not known by all who partake of it so freely. It contains an alkaloid, theine, which must, moreover, be classed as a poison because of its effect more especially on the nervous system; an astringent, tannic acid, which produces a deleterious effect on the organs of digestion; and a volatile oil.

Tea, when taken into the stomach produces immediately a feeling of exhilaration or imparted strength. That this first action is due to its influence on the nervous system is evident from its rapidity of action. It excites the nerve endings of the stomach. This excitation is immediately conveyed to the brain, and intoxication to a limited extent is produced. This immediate feeling of vivacity produced cannot be due to any food value, because no time has elapsed in which food could be digested. This is further proved from the fact that absorption from the stomach is infinitely small. The action of tea is still continued, as it is gradually absorbed into the blood vessels from the intestinal tract, and carried to the nerve centres. There is not a particle of energy imparted to the system by this pseudo-stimulation, but only a false feeling of well being that stimulates the living machinery to unwonted action, borrowing on the future strength just as a whip will seem to impart energy to a tired horse.

The secondary effect of tea is manifest in disordered digestion, wakefulness, palpitation of the heart with irregularity of its action, tremor, headaches and constipation.

Tannic acid is present in quantities ranging from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. This retards the digestion of food and also has an astringent action on the mucous lining of the intestines, thus producing constipation.

Theine, of which tea contains 2 per cent. to 4 per cent., when administered to animals in small doses gives rise to excitement of the cerebral centres with partial loss of sensibility, increased activity of the heart, a quickening of the respiration, a rise of artificial pressure, due to stimulation of the centres in the medulla. In larger doses, flashes of light before the eyes, noise and singing in the ears, increased activity of the kidneys, muscular tremulousness, rise of temperature, delirium, sleep, rapidity of the pulse rate, with irregularity of the heart action are produced. In very large doses the loss of sensibility is complete, tetanic convulsions and death follow.

It is also probable that the alkaloid of tea has a direct influence in the production of gouty and rheumatic conditions on account of its close relation to uric acid,

EIGHTY YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.

RECENTLY attention was drawn to the case of Peter Green, a Norwegian sailor, now staying at the Cardiff Seamen's Home. Green is ninety-two years of age, and has served for eighty years before the mast in all kinds of craft. Evidence of the man's worthiness and eligibility having been received, he will be admitted into the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institute at Belvedere. Green claims to be able to dance a hornpipe or climb to the maintop with anyone. He used to dye his snow-white hair to disguise his age.

STATUES OF GREAT ATHLETES.

GEORGES HACKENSCHMIDT thinks that the way modern sculptors and painters ignore contemporary athletes compares very unfavourably with the consideration shown to strong men by the artists of old.

"It is a question," he says, "whether the anatomy of the modern wrestler is not superior to that of the ancient as represented by the sculptures of the time. I contend that while the names of Hercules, Theseus, and others have come down through the ages on account of their physical proportions, the athletes of our day, although neglected, are worthy to stand side by side with them."

Modesty apparently forbids him to mention one modern wrestler who is worthy to be sculptured in the Hercules class, but his admirers are more definite. There are many physical culturists who maintain seriously that a statue of Hackenschmidt should be placed in the British Museum, with plaster casts of Sandow and other athletes as permanent records of the best physical development of the age.

SCULPTOR'S VIEWS.

Contemporary sculptors and painters do not grow enthusiastic over the proposition. An *Express* representative brought the matter to the attention of several sculptors and painters recently, and the unanimous opinion was that briefly expressed by Mr. W. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., the sculptor.

"I do not approve the idea of such statues for the British Museum," he said. "There is a line between art and portrayal. It is the line of idealism.

"For street corners I think such statues might be a good thing for the sons of the nation to look at but as a work of art it would be necessary in making a statue of Hackenschmidt, or of any other athlete, to tone down the muscle bound figure. Art in the human figure is idealism, such as the Greeks conformed to in their statues.

"We cannot tell whether the originals of their statues were gnarled and knotted, but we do know that in the art of sculpture they were presented as combinations of strength and beauty. The Greeks worshipped strength, but they worshipped beauty also. This is apparent in the statues which they erected in their gardens.

"Another point against the art of the statue proposed is that modern athletes are, as a rule, developed only locally."

VALUE OF GOAT'S MILK.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Science Siftings* writes that twenty years ago he commenced goat keeping. His daughter was reared at twelve months old up to nine years of age on goats' milk, and her constitution was healthily and vigorously built up. "Owing to removal in 1895 I reluctantly gave up goat-keeping; myself, wife, and child were soon below par by having to substitute cows' milk. I am now residing in North Bucks, where I started goat-keeping again about seven months ago. Although we have been using goats' milk barely two months, the change in my daughter, self, and wife, is most marked in improved health and stronger power of endurance. Having more milk from one goat—nearly three quarts per day—than we require, a bottle is given to a neighbour for his consumptive daughter. The results are so marked that the father is purchasing a goat for milk. The cost of keep has averaged three shillings per week for seven months."

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR TEETH.

THE Leeds Public Dispensary has issued some excellent suggestions to those who appreciate good teeth. "Avoid all rough usage of the teeth, such as cracking nuts, biting thread, etc., as by so doing, even good, sound teeth may be injured. If you think a tooth is beginning to decay that is the time to have it attended to. Small stoppings will last a long time, and large stoppings will make a tooth useful for years. Children should be brought from time to time to have the first set of teeth examined, because then the second set of teeth is more likely to be good and strong. Children should be taught to take care of the first set from the earliest age. To give a child strong teeth and bones, good 'seconds' flour is better than the very white flour for bread making; and in winter, porridge is very good; and fresh milk is good at all times."

SUPPERS.

IN the time of Queen Elizabeth society people were accustomed to dine at eleven, to sup between five and six, and to go to bed at ten. It is therefore evident that any argument in favour of this meal founded upon the healthy condition of our ancestors must be fallacious. By supper, in modern times, we understand a late meal just before bedtime, but as sleep is not favourable to every stage of digestion, it is very questionable whether retiring to rest with a full stomach can under any circumstances be salutary. During the first part of the process, or that of chymification, a person so situated may perhaps sleep quietly unless, indeed, the morbid distension of the stomach should impede respiration, and occasion distress, but when the food has passed out of the stomach, and the processes of chylification and sanguification have been established, the natural propensity of the body is for activity, and the sleeper awakes at this period, and remains in a feverish state for some time.

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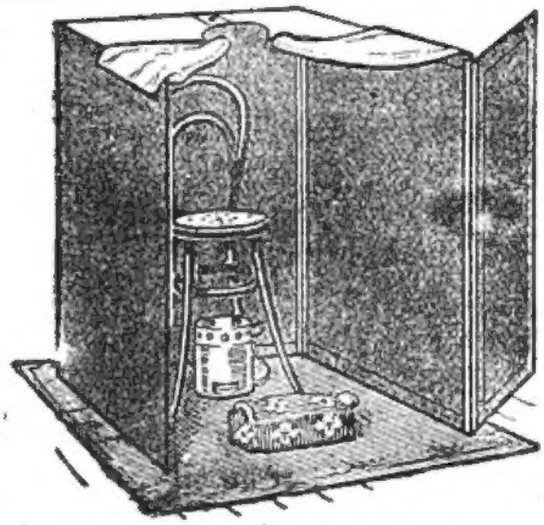

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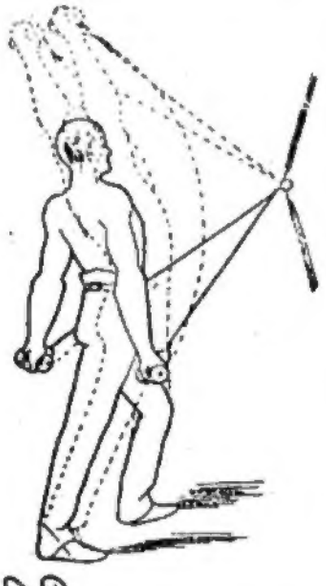

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